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By the men . . for the men in the service

SCOREBOARD

At an airfield "somewhere in England," Sgt. Rudolph Turansky, 20, of New York, pâints a third swastika on the nose of his Flying Fortress. It represents the FW190 he shot down from left waist gun. Bomb symbols record the number of bombing missions. For the story on this plane and its crew, see page 2.

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Loading up the Fortress with .50 calibre stuff. Crouching in front is Sgt. Alvin Horning, Mifflington, Pa.; standing (left to right) are: Sgt. Frank Rebello, Tiverton, R. I.; Sgt. Joseph F. Cummings, Oskaloosa, Ia.; Sgt. Dick Williams, Unadilla Forks, N. Y.; Sgt. Rudolph Turansky (other picture at right), New York City; Sgt. Chester C. Love, Cincinnati, and Sgt. Zane Gemmill, St. Clair, Pa.

They Don't Pull Rank In This Flying Fortress

One wears eagles and the others bars and chevrons, but when this Yank bomber crew goes into action, sergeants don't ask the colonel to do something—they tell him.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Ten privates man the plane which leads the Flying Fortresses on their raids over Europe.

One wears silver eagles on his shoulders, a few have silver bars, and the rest have stripes on their sleeves. But they're all privates.

The one with the eagles is actually Col. Frank A. Armstrong, a man of 39, with graying hair and a face weather-beaten from 14 years of flying for the Army. When he assembled the crew for the ship that would lead all the rest, he called them together and gave them a spiel that ran something like this:

"There is no rank in this plane. Remember that. When we're in the air I'm just 'Doc' and you're just Joe and Jim. We're privates, every one of us—men on equal footing who are flying and fighting for our lives. If you want me to do something, don't ask me to do it—tell me. And I'll do it."

"Don't Ask; Tell Me"

He meant it. On the first trip over—the day the Fortresses blasted the railway yards at Rouen, France—the navigator, Lieut. Levon L. Ray, of Pooville, Texas, spoke into the interphone:

"Navigator to pilot: Will you swing 220 degrees please?"

Back shot the answer: "Pilot to navigator: Don't you ask me to turn 220 degrees. If you want me to turn, you tell me to."

And that's the way it is. It's "Doc, do this," and "Doc, do that," and "I'm nearly out of ammunition, Doc."

Twenty-five thousand feet over Europe, with dogfights on all sides, is no place for standing on dignity, the colonel thinks. And what Franky Rebello, of Tiverton, R. I., did that Sunday over Rotterdam indicates the old man is right.

Three FW190's kept diving in, spraying lead all around the ship. In the top turret Rebello's guns kept pushing them back. One peeled off and dropped earthward, probably destroyed, but the others kept coming in—and each time they came the little Rhode Islander's chattering guns frightened them away.

Suddenly Rebello scurried out of the turret like a squirrel out of a tree. He thumped the colonel on the back and yelled in his ear,

"Not a bullet left."

He scampered back to the turret. The FWs still circled, but Rebello's guns followed them threateningly, and they kept their distance. The colonel's ship got back.

Once, when the formation had passed through some particularly heavy flak, the colonel wanted to know how things looked out back.

"Pilot to tail gunner: How is the formation?" he asked. No reply. The colonel repeated the question. Still no reply. Then: "Hey, Chester, was that blonde in town too much for you last night?" Still silence. Fearful now that some of the flak had taken toll, the colonel asked the waist gunner to have a look. Sgt. Rudolph Turansky, of New York, crawled back on hands and knees and returned with the cheerful news. Chet Love's interphone was merely out of commission. Otherwise he was okay.

The boys in the crew worship the "old man," and he has a similar feeling for them. Neither would choose to fly without the other. He sings their praises almost as loudly as they sing his. How the ball turret gunner, Sgt. Dick Williams, of Unadilla Forks, N. Y., shot down the ME109 over Rotterdam, for instance, is told much better by the colonel than by Williams.

"It was a damned neat piece of gunnery," the colonel relates. "It took fast work and accurate firing. We were just going into the bombing run when Jerry came at us headon. He was traveling at least 400 and we were doing better than 300, so you can imagine the speed at which we were approaching each other.

"The plane came directly towards our nose, undoubtedly a suicide attempt to bust up the formation. The Jerry looked as if he was on fire, his guns were spurting so. I held the ship level until the last second, then nosed her up sharply. The ME went sailing by and Williams, down in the bubble, let go at him. I don't know how many shots went home, but Jerry was shedding parts, it seemed, for a couple of miles behind us."

How the Score Is Kept

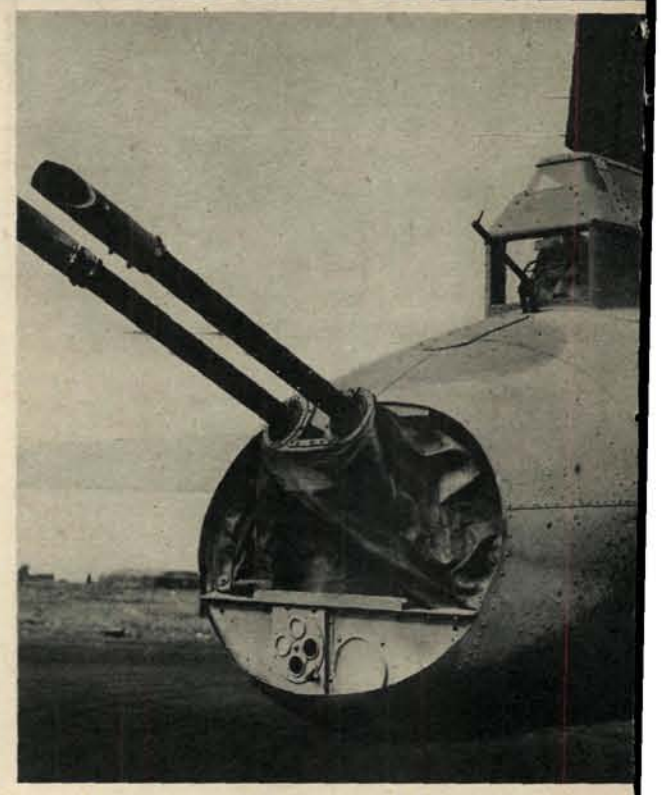
Two others on the ship—Turansky, a waist gunner, and Lieut. Morris E. Mansell, Jr., of Houston, Tex, have enemy planes to their credit.

The score is kept on the plane's nose, where three swastikas and six bombs have been painted. Each bomb represents a successful bombing mission, and there would be more if they had time to paint them on.

"It's more than six," one of the boys said. "Hell, I've heard 'the Beetle' sing that damned song more than that!"

The song? "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire." The bombardier—Lieut. Frank R. Beadle, of Grand Rapids, Mich.—shrieks it into the interphone each time he shouts, "Bombs away!"

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU



Tail gunner Sgt. Love and his twins.

Col. Armstrong, a right guy to his crew.

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How does it feel to bomb Europe?

Just a routine raid—a brisk little hop across the channel to lay a few eggs where they'll do the most good. But these 40 minutes of action, as seen through the eyes of a waist gunner, prove that even a routine raid over Nazi-occupied Europe can pack more kick than a whole battalion of those well-known Army mules.

A typical Flying Fortress gunner: Two-Gun Dick Williams, 22, of Unadilla Forks, N. Y.

By Sgt. Robert Moora, ***YANK's London Bureau***

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The Left-Waist Gunner of the Flying Fortress, Sgt. Bob Knight, of Schenectady, N. Y., is lying in his barracks bunk, his mind half on the bacon and eggs he's just finished and half on the weather outside. Good flying weather today — good bombing weather at the 'drome and probably the same on the other side of the channel.

It's no surprise, then, when the voice comes over the loudspeaker: "Stand by for announcement. All combat flying personnel will report to the briefing room at once."

Knight glances over in the corner where Smitty is snoozing peacefully, probably dreaming of the sunny skies over Winter Haven, Fla., his home town. A brisk poke in the midriff reminds Smitty to step on it. Can't leave the top turret man behind.

In the briefing room he joins the assembled crews. When they've quieted down, the old man begins. He points out on a map where the planes are going and what they're going to do.

Now Knight learns what's ahead. It's to be a routine raid over Rotterdam, Abbeville, Rouen or any of the enemy-occupied cities that have felt the weight of bombs from Uncle Sam's Flying Fortresses. He listens attentively as the old man talks calmly, slipping in a wisecrack now and then. When the old man comes to the bombing run—the objective of the raid—he goes into great detail and repeats a lot. Watching the old man, Knight's reminded of Pop Burns giving a lecture in the dressing room before a football game.

His spine tingles anew when the old man goes into a few other details, such as where the Spits will pick up the bombers and where the Jerries will be encountered. It's an open secret that the old man is astonishingly accurate in his predictions.

"Right here," the old man illustrates, pointing to the map, "is where we'll run into heavy flak—four A-A batteries. We'll give them as wide a berth as possible, but it will be hot for a few minutes."

Scared Now; Calm in the Air

Knight notices about this time that his hands are cold and clammy. It's funny. The only time he's really scared in the whole operation is when he's sitting there listening to that calm voice telling what lies ahead.

That feeling is gone, he later notices, when he's in the air. Then he's calm—calmer than on that red-letter day he trotted onto the field for the old Thanksgiving game. Sure he sweats, even though it's 40 below zero at 24,000 feet. He sweats even in fatigues, without an electrically-heated flying suit. But he's not scared. Any Flying Fortress man can swear to that. However, when he sees Jerry coming in at 400 miles an hour with his guns belching smoke and flame, and maybe a shell rips his pantleg and cuts the interphone wire, or when he has to level off for 40 seconds of smooth flying to get the bombs away and the Focke-Wulfs are buzzing around like hornets—brother, he sweats. . . .

Finally the briefing is over. Knight hops on his bike and pedals over to the dispersal point where their plane—Flaming Mayme, perhaps—is standing, pretty as a picture against the green fields and trees beyond. For just a second, as the low beams of the morning sun catch her wing-tips, she actually does seem to flame and he wonders what Mayme, the red-headed girl she's named for—Lieut. J. O. Wikle's girl back in Madison, Ala.—really looks like.

The ground crew is lolling on the grass, like a bunch of country boys after a swim. They haven't been idle, though. They've been fussing and fuming around Mayme ever since the last run, and Knight knows the engines and the guns are in perfect condition.

In a few minutes everybody is ready for the takeoff—oxygen masks adjusted, engines turning over. They taxi across the field as the lead plane goes up, and a few minutes later the ship is in a tight formation upstairs, heading for the coast.

Over the interphone comes a query from Lieut. R. A. Birk, of Burlingame, Cal. "Navigator to tail gunner: How's it look back there?" Knight hears the answer from T/Sgt. Johnny Burger, who used to help his old man on the farm back in Jefferson, N. Y.:

"They're getting into position okay."

Conversation Across the Channel

He settles down then for the ride over. It will be a while before anything starts popping. Down below, a crazy quilt of fields—neat little English farms—floats by. Charley Nease, at the right-waist gun, comes in with his Savannah drawl, something like: "You'd think those farms'd raise some good fryin' chickens, wouldn't you?" And maybe Charley Hooks, of Platteville, Wis., curled up in the ball turret down below, answers, "Yeah, but they don't. I'm through orderin' chicken in English restaurants. They must feed 'em sawdust, they're so scrawny."

That's the way the conversation runs on the way over. Smitty, up in the turret, may kid one of the boys about the little blonde in town. Somebody asks how the Dodgers did yesterday. Or

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Burger might muse, back in the tail, that it's corn time in the states, and how'd it be to have a half dozen ears just dripping with butter. That's the talk on the way to the fight. . . . Yes, even sex rears its pretty head once in a while.

Then Lieut. Balaban—James A. Balaban, from North Dakota, who used to be a tech sergeant in coast artillery until he switched to the Air Force—cuts in:

"Here comes the Spits, boys."

They're a pretty sight. Long and slim and simple. Coming from all directions. Knight is damned glad to see them. A Fortress has a formidable pack of guns sticking out of it, but it can't do the tricks a Spit can do.

Across the Channel and Here Comes Jerry

The channel is down below now, and a few minutes later the continent. The conversation on the interphone has died down. Knight is looking all over the sky for Jerry and wondering whether that's a Spit or a ME190 over there at 1 o'clock.

"Here he comes—10 o'clock about 15,000."

It comes over the interphone and he swings his guns toward 10 o'clock. While he's doing it he thinks of Sven Hansen, another California boy who's on radio. He feels a little sorry for Sven. He's facing the tail and can't see 10 o'clock. It's no fun to be there and wonder how close Jerry is and when the bullets might start plowing through at the rear.

There they are—three Messerschmitts—coming up fast on the left. Too far away yet—

Then the flak begins. Much too far away to do any damage; doesn't even rock the ship. But it makes him look and that's what it's thrown up for—to divert his attention. Then he hears someone on the interphone say that more MEs are in sight, this time about 2 o'clock at 20,000. And then more. The boys all over the ship sound them off, one by one, as they come in. They speak quietly, almost monotonously, as if they are reading off stock quotations, and after each sentence they pause to give the next guy a chance. It sounds like this:

"There are a couple at 4 o'clock; watch 'em. . . . See that one at 11 o'clock, Hooks? Coming up from about 15,000. . . . Let them have it, boys . . ."

Knight thinks of his buddies in the ships to the right and left. The same thing is going on over there, only instead of using 4 o'clock and 11 o'clock and so on, they might be saying "10,000 feet on the green beam" or "Get 'im, Alec, high in front of the red beam," and they know which way to look because there's a green line painted along the right wing and a red one along the left. Or maybe they're using plain old port and starboard. His gang, though, sticks to the o'clock system, as on the rifle range, because it seems easiest to follow. And quickest, which is important.

They're coming in now, plenty of them and fast. They've got yellow bellies. Goering's prize squadron, eh? Pick of the Luftwaffe, out to get the Fortresses. Okay, let them come; they'll find out.

It's not smooth riding now. Old Mayme is weaving from side to side and rolling up and down as if she were hedge-hopping. Knight's guns are leading the three Jerries closing in from 10 o'clock. Two thousand yards . . . 1,500 . . . 1,000. He lets go with a burst and watches the tracers fade off. He wishes to hell the tracers would carry just a little farther. The MEs peel off as two Spits dive in. A wisp of smoke curls from one Jerry's engine; a second later the whole plane is enveloped in smoke, and he's falling, fast.

Almost to the target now. He hasn't thought about it, but he can hear the navigator talking to the pilot and the bombardier—almost as if they were discussing a business deal.

Then maybe this happens.

"Pilot to bombardier: Watch your 4 o'clock."

When the Target Is Reached

Bombardier. That's Lieut. Blair—A. D. Blair, an Alabama kid. In a second or two he hears Blair's guns open up. Blair loves his machine guns — practically fondles them — and now he's working them for all he's worth. A Messerschmitt is coming in from below, his guns chattering. No hit yet, on either side. Jerry peels off and circles for another try.

Then comes the warning. "Navigator to bombardier: Target coming up."

Time to sweat now. Jerry on their right, Jerry on their left, ready for the kill—and they've got to level off and fly as straight as a commercial airliner long enough to dump the bomb load.

The ME has circled and is coming in again—400 miles an hour or better. Blair, he knows, is busy with the bombsight. He has a pretty good idea what is going through Blair's mind. He can see himself in the same spot: two good machine guns in front of him with belts of .50 calibre bullets just aching to get going, and Jerry coming up with his guns spitting at the plane—and he's got to ignore him and get those bombs away. Rivers of sweat roll down his body.

Thirty to 40 seconds for the bombing run . . . 30 to 40 seconds of the roughest smooth flying he's ever put in . . . 30 to 40 seconds of pure sweat.

Blair sings out: "Bombs away!" Knight can picture them floating downward toward the target. He hears Blair's verdict: "Direct hit, smack on the railroad tracks."

But he's not thinking of Blair any more. Now he's thinking of Eddie Smith up in the top turret. He's just heard over the interphone: "Here he comes, Smitty—in high at 11 o'clock."

Smitty swings the turret to 11 o'clock. Jerry's about 1,000 yards away, and he can't tell whether he's aiming at him or the ship to the left, but his guns are blazing so furiously he looks as if he's on fire.

A thousand yards is a long distance, but Smitty lets Jerry have a burst anyway. He's scored a hit. Smoke trails from Jerry's engine. Still Jerry comes on. His whole ship is afire, and still the guns blaze away. The smoke gets thicker and thicker. It's suicide.

The ship to the left shudders and the wing makes a sickly dip. Jerry's bullets have clipped an engine. Knight sees it out of the corner of his eye as he keeps pouring bullets into Jerry. Then Jerry's broken through the fire. His nose goes down and he starts to spin, leaving a trail of smoke. He's out of vision.

The interphone is talking again.

"Tail gunner: Watch the red beam. He's circling around, Johnny, watch him."

Johnny Burger, astride his bicycle seat in the tail, knees planted firmly on the floor, mutters an unintelligible answer. Now Jerry snaps out of his bank and comes in fast at 4:30 o'clock.

Jerry is the grim counterpart of a humming bird, poised at a flower and suddenly darting away. That's how he looks—so fast he can hardly be seen. There's a flash of flaming wings—that's his guns—and the flare of sunlight on his propellers. Then he's gone.

Burger is just as quick this time, though. Burger's guns begin to chatter as the Jerry comes out of his bank. It's over almost before it started. Smoke curls up from Jerry's cowling. He snaps upward, and then down, and he's through.

40 Minutes and It's All Over

It's quiet momentarily, and Knight looks down To his surprise the channel is looming up ahead. The coast already? He's hardly noticed that the plane had swung around. He looks at his watch. Forty minutes since he first saw the formation of MEs off there at 10 o'clock. Now he looks around and there isn't a sign of Jerry. He's retired for today.

Knight starts singing into the interphone. The others join in. It's the song they always harmonize on the way back.

"Tangarine. She is all they claim. . . ."

Good harmony number, too.

After the raid, Sgt. Robert Knight (left), of Schenectady, N. Y., and his pals talk things over. L. to r., Knight, Sgt. Charles M. Nease, Savannah, Ga.; Sgt. Edward H. Smith, Winter Haven, Fla.; Sgt. Claude D. Hooks, Platteville, Wis.; Sgt. John Burger, Jefferson, N. Y., and Sgt. Sven Hansen, Ben Lomond, Cal. The lads are tired, but talkative.

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Tank Destroyers

Deep in the heart of Texas, the strong arm soldiers in this newest branch of the service, with live ammunition whining around their heads and explosive blasts knocking them off their feet, learn the science of destroying enemy machines and men.

By Sgt. Mack Morriss
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAMP HOOD, TEXAS—Here in the bondocks of Central Texas at the U. S. Army's new Tank Destroyer Center, coverall-clad soldiers are learning warfare's latest methods of destruction. They are learning the hard way—literally by "blood, sweat, and tears"—the best and newest tricks of knocking out enemy machines and the men who run them.

To teach this expanding crop of tank-and-man-killers, the Army has torn off its velvet gloves.

The men of this new branch of the service are put to the test of fire. They worm their way across jagged terrain, under twisted strands of barbed wire while machine-gun bullets snarl 12 to 18 inches above their heads and dynamite grenades and land mines explode with jarring concussion all around them.

They race through a village and send volleys of .45 slugs into targets that bob and spin in doorways and windows, paying not the slightest attention to their own cross-fire. They learn by nerve-shattering blasts of booby traps that street fighting is a form of combat which only the smart survive. They are taught to kill quickly and mercilessly. An instructor tells each class as it goes through:

"When you see something out front, shoot first and then ask questions afterwards."

Schooling for Battle

The Tank Destroyer Center has set up an Advanced Unit Training Center where Destroyer outfits already organized in various camps throughout the country are put through two months of concentrated schooling for battle. Even when Hood, which was 20 weeks in building, was still pasture land and cotton field, the first battalions moved in, camped in the hills and went to work.

They went through the Texas rainy season, the "bug season," they worked in a quagmire of black clay and before the formal opening of the camp some of those units had been shipped overseas. There is no backlog of trained TD men. As a major at the Center put it, "There is no such thing as not shipping them."

During their hitch at the Advanced Unit Training Center, battalions of men learn the business of war from the simple firing .45 pistols to blasting moving targets with 75mm guns mounted on half tracks. They learn to fight from their motorized mounts and on the ground. They are taught to fling steel into anything that moves by wheels or wings. They learn to kill from a distance of thousands of yards, or man-to-man with their bare hands.

Because the Tank Destroyers are new in the Army, their training is fluid and constantly changing. Born less than a year ago of pressing need for separate, efficient units to stop tanks and armored regiments, they have been moulded almost out of thin air by experimenting experts and hard-working soldiers. The first TD Officer Candidate class does not graduate until next month. The Tank Destroyer School there—similar in purpose and scope to the Infantry School at Benning or the Artillery School at Sill—has only begun its specialist courses for officers and men.

And the Center is still growing. Plans have been approved to enlarge Camp Hood from a reservation of 108,000 acres to more than 150,000, adding a Reception Center and a Replacement

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Training Center where rookie Destroyers will receive their first two months of basic training. They will be formed into battalions and enter the AUTC for the same instructional period now being given TD battalions which have reached Hood in varying degrees of preparedness.

When a TD battalion reaches Hood today it is expected to be prepared. Heaven and the Medical Corps help an outfit that isn't.

Hood's training program is so hard-boiled and realistic that there is scarcely a round of blank ammunition on the post. It has 13 miles of ranges and almost 50 per cent of its present acreage is a no man's land of bursting 37mm and 75mm shells. Its Americanized commando school—the Tank Hunting Course—is an inferno of zipping small-arms fire, of whining rickers, of dynamite and gasoline flames.

Pre-Combat Baptism of Fire

The Tank Hunting Course is the TD Center's pride. It takes up only three days of the two months' schedule for advanced units, but it provides a pre-combat baptism of fire and covers all phases of ever-developing TD tactics for fighting on the ground.

Like cold-drink stands at a country fair, booths have been set up where instructors lecture battalions on demolition. They prepare and test on the spot sticky grenades made by stuffing dynamite in a sock, then coating the sock with heavy motor oil so that it will stick to the sloping surfaces of a tank. They concoct Molotov cocktails of gasoline that are ignited by chemical action and then throw them against dummy tanks while the men look on and learn.

The soldiers go through a tunnel dug into the side of a slope and they learn to shoot at and hit targets in pitch darkness, firing only at the slight sound of a tinkling bell or a hinge creaking as a silhouette swings around. They are taught how to fire and reload while crawling, how to get in another clip without raising their bodies or letting down on their volume of fire.

They learn under the tutelage of an Apache Indian how to stalk tanks, how to move into a guarded area, raise hell with enemy vehicles, and get away. Not long ago, a battalion proud of its security detachments challenged a raider band to get a single man past them into their bivouac. Next morning the battalion found 72 of its trucks chalked "DESTROYED" in scornful letters a foot high. Not a raider had been sighted.

Officers and men go through the training together, wearing the same uniforms. Occasionally they are paired off in the course of unarmed combat where a major of British Commandos, with 34 years experience on the Shanghai police, teaches the fine points of Judo. This isn't any let's-not-hit-in-the-face stuff. They take it and dish it out on even ground.

Destroyers are taught "to kill before we get killed." They are drilled in a modern version of the old West's off-the-hip firing to take advantage of a man's instinctive actions in combat. When he hears a sudden shot his reflexes ordinarily send him into a crouch, and from that crouch he is taught Battle Fire.

S/Sgt. Jeff Cott demonstrates Battle-Fire position with rifle from the hip, or to be more exact, from the gut. He's wet waist high and his uniform is ripped because he's just gone over obstacle course.

In position it is identical with the crouch of a football back waiting to follow the play either way. The man facing his target squarely, with the butt of the tommy gun or rifle "hard into the gut." Battle Fire is not intended to replace regular range firing. It's a sort of post-graduate course. The men are taught it for use against surprise targets at close range—five to 50 yards—in poor visibility and when the use of sights is impossible. In the blind firing at targets in the dugout tunnel, Battle Fire has proved phenomenally accurate. Destroyers claim superiority for Battle Fire over any other type shooting at close range, and they've proved it.

Taking a lesson from Hollywood, the TD Center built a reasonable exact facsimile of a small town's main street as another feature of the Tank Hunting Course, using lumber salvaged when the reservation was cleared for construction of Camp Hood.

Learn All About Street Fighting

Through this "Nazi Village" men move in groups of six, three with tommy guns, three with pistols; the tommy-pistol teams cover each other as they go. Here they learn the fine points of street fighting. The targets are silhouettes nailed to doors, hinged to windows, on roofs. They are operated by wires and when they bob the men let go. Bullets zip through the streets, through wooden doors, ricochet from rock scream off into the hills. The fire seems almost wild, but actually is well controlled.

The instructions are: "Move to the nearest cover. Shoot if you see a target." A man sprints around a corner, throws open a door, keeps going. A booby trap explodes. The surprise or the concussion—or both—almost knocks him down. But the lesson is learned.

With bullets whistling past their heads, the first timers do most of the things which, in combat, they would do only once. Sometimes, when a door swings open almost in their faces and a target is presented to them, they fire over its

A Destroyer unit—a 75mm mounted on a half track—awaits the approach of "enemy" tanks.

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shoulder, or sometimes they get buck fever and just stare at it. They forget to cock their pistols, or they pass up two possible covers to take a third—a cardinal error when snipers are doing business. Hard-talking instructors, who occasionally fire into the ground to spur a man who hesitates, point out mistakes as they are made, show men what they should have done.

Supreme test of endurance on the Tank Hunting Course is the obstacle course. It starts very meekly with a simple hundred-yard dash, but after that its meekness disappears. Men sprint the hundred yards to the steep bank of a stream, flounder across to the other side. Lifeguards stand on the rock-cluttered creek bed or on a small dam nearby, waiting to help the non-swimmers.

Beyond the creek are three waist-high fence barriers, and beyond them are seven-foot walls to be scaled. Then barbed wire, 40 to 50 yards of it, which the men go under, leaving muddy wakes where their wet clothes wash the hard packed ground. Beyond the wire is a huge brush pile, covered with wide-mesh wire that catches a man's foot and sends him sprawling. Finally a 60-degree slope where rocky ledges and twisted trees offer the only footholds for dripping, panting soldiers to draw themselves along the last hundred yards to the end of the course.

"Rugged," the Destroyers call it.

But even more rugged is the test of nerve—the machine-gun fire. Here the theory is infiltration in the face of grazing fire across terrain theoretically covered either by mortar fire, occasional artillery or grenades. The explosions are dynamite to harden men to the sounds and jarring blasts of combat. The bullets, with spitting tracers every five shots, are very, very real.

Prepare Now for Action Later

The soldiers have approximately 40 yards to cover, more than two-thirds of it through wire which they pass by wiggling forward on their backs. Silhouette targets set up behind their starting point are struck shoulder high and sometimes lower. When the men approach the guns, gunners turn the fire to a low mound in front of the targets, sending tiny columns of dirt spouting up from its base. Dazzling tracers ricochet off into the distance.

Men do strange things under the fire. Instructors stand by the guns to stop the bursts the second a soldier breaks, because sometimes they do break. It's no crime.

"Sure, they break," an officer said. "But where is it better to have them do it—here, or in the face of the enemy?

"When these men, after going under the guns here, actually come up against enemy fire in the field it won't bother them." He paused reflectively. "At least they won't be as scared as I was the first time I was on a battlefield. These men will go right on."

Main figure in the Tank Hunting Course, the powerhouse behind one of the most punishing training courses in the country, is a 27-year-old West Pointer from Georgia who learned his tactics in the battle schools of Britain and on raids with the Commandos. He is Major Gordon T. Kimbrell, who holds the record as fastest man through the obstacle course since its construction.

At Hood when officers and soldiers in any part of the post speak of The Major, they mean Major Kimbrell. He's just that kind of a guy. Loaned by the Army to the Marine Corps, he taught the Leathernecks the things which are set up at Hood. He taught them Battle Fire and found his efforts gratified in a letter from a Marine officer in the Solomons saying that "75 per cent of the Jap casualties were caused by Battle Fire at night."

With Major Fairburn of the British Commandos and Capt. Ralph W. Sleator, formerly of the Montana-Canada Border Patrol, he and a staff of officer and enlisted instructors set the pace for battalions going through the course, spiking the training with new methods wherever and whenever a better way of doing things is found.

As the battalions go through the Tank Hunting Course and other phases of the AUTC training, the men are requested to suggest whatever improvements they think of as they go along. A Tank Destroyer Board of 15 officers is even now writing training manuals for the outfit, based on battle experience and American ingenuity. The raw newness of the entire TD theory of battle has marked the Destroyers themselves as pioneers.

In a combined atmosphere of fresh outlooks, present difficult tests and the promise of quick action in the future, the Destroyers pride themselves as rough-tough soldiery. When an exhibition of the infiltration under fire was to be staged, a call for volunteers was made to an outfit of new arrivals who had never been on the course. The entire battalion stepped forward. On the same day a staff sergeant with seven months' service (he made it the hard way) faced the guns seven times "just for the experience."

Officers and men take the long view with their work. A staff officer set it down patly:

"Some of the things we do here involve an element of danger.

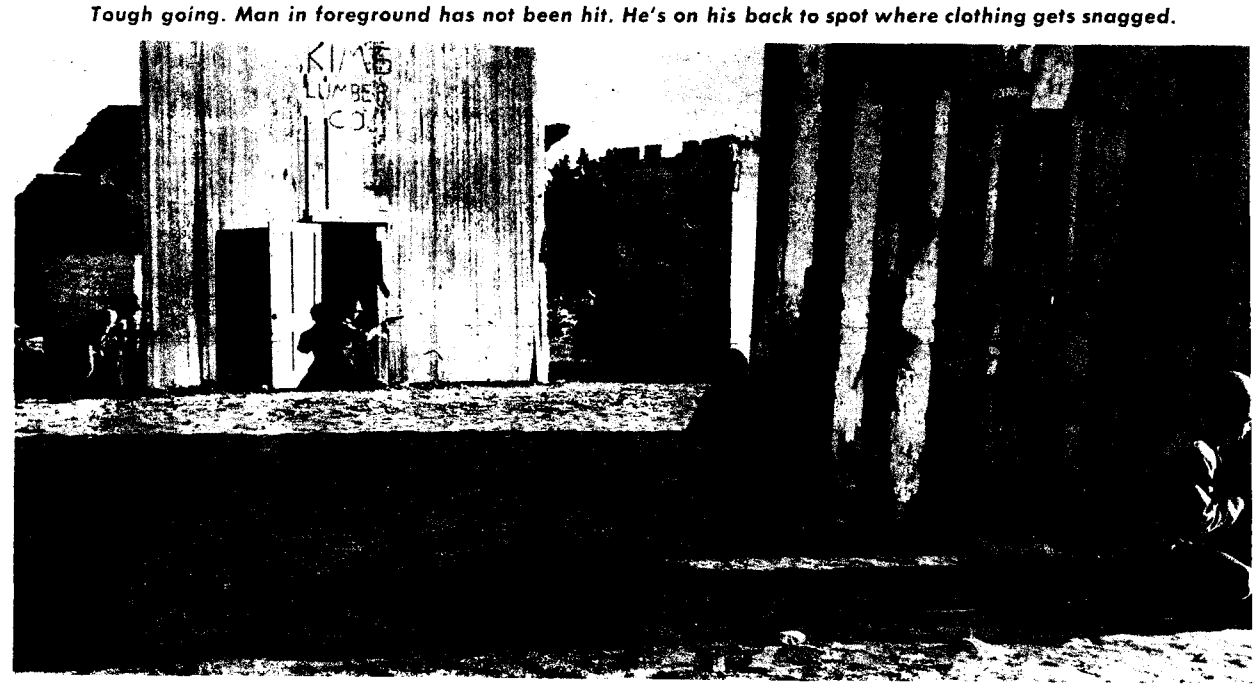
"But even if we killed an officer or a soldier here every day, this training would be worth it in the long run because we will have saved a hundred lives later on when the men get into battle."

Biggest of all aims for the men at the TD Center is to meet the enemy wherever they find him, to meet him and crush him in the field. The new Tank Destroyer insignia, golden yellow and black, is circled by a motto which states their mission directly and with the power of three well-chosen American works:

"Seek—Strike—Destroy."

Nerve test. Machine-gun fire is aimed at targets while men crawl. Meanwhile a land mine explodes.

Tough going. Man in foreground has not been hit. He's on his back to spot where clothing gets snagged.



Advancing through "Nazi Village." Men go six at a time, working in teams with tommy gun and pistol.

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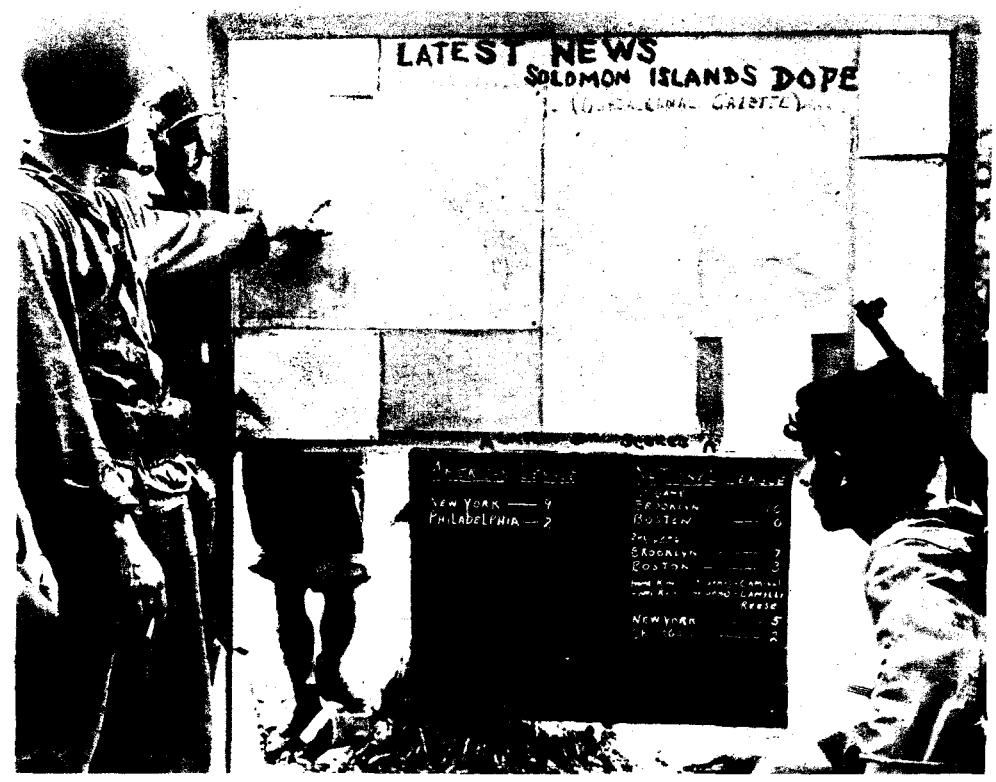
IN CARIBBEAN area, these C.A. lads are about to give one of their big ones a workout. Our southern defense line is of prime importance.



IN GUADALCANAL, one of the Solomon Islands, these Marines examine their "Gazette." They're not too tired, even after fighting, to check up on baseball.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM PHONE OPERATORS TO A CUBAN SARGE

LONDON

British Say "Here's Mud In Your Eye" Instead of "Cheerio" These Days

LONDON—The average Englishman today can tell you without hesitation where the nearest subway station is, where you can find a movie house, whether you can park an automobile here, or how many blocks away the nearest Army gasoline pumps are situated.

This is mildly astonishing, particularly to the Englishman himself. There was a time, not many months ago, when a poor out-of-place Yank to make himself understood would have had to refer to such things, respectively, as an underground station, a cinema, a motorcar, and a petrol station, and if he had said "blocks" his listener would have pictured blocks of flats, or apartment houses. That's all changed today; the Britisher has revised his vocabulary to suit the needs of these crazy Americans.

Outnumbered as they are, the Yanks might have been expected to become Anglicized, both quickly and thoroughly. Not so; instead of learning to speak English, the Yank has taught his host to speak United States, and there's no danger, ma, that Johnny will come marching home with broad "a's" in his "halves," and "can'ts" and his "tomatoes."

The Americans, for instance, have begun to teach the English to say "You're welcome" after they have been thanked, and numerous natives also have picked up that odd American expression "All right." Others now drop a cheerful "So long, fellow," instead of "Cheerio, old top." One chappy in tweeds caused consternation in a Piccadilly bar last week by lifting his glass and, instead of the usual "Cheerio," saying "Well, here's mud in your eye!"

On the telephone it is no longer necessary to ask the operator for "Directory enquiry please"; all you do is ask for "Information, please," and she knows exactly what to do. She also knows what you mean when you say "Exchange nine-four-hundred" instead of "Exchange nine-four-double-0." Some quick-witted hello girls even go so far now as to tell a Yank, "Here's your party," rather than "You're through, sir." And girls at Covent Garden, where many Yanks go to dance, have actually been heard to say "I can't tonight" instead of "I cawn't tonight."

The Yank influence goes much further, as a matter of fact, than the language. Waiters have ceased to regard you as mentally unbalanced when you ask for a glass of water at dinner; to the contrary, it's common practice in some places to bring the water right on without the asking. Bartenders, even in the smallest villages, have been known to shove a lump of ice automatically into a Yank's drink of Scotch, and some pubs have begun to advertise that concoction so incomprehensible to their English patrons—"chilled beer."

Tin Pan Alley has long provided a large part of BBC's musical menu, of course, so no eyebrows are raised at the sound of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" or a "Show Boat" medley on the wireless. Today, however, you can even hear such selections as "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "The Old Gray Mare" or our old Revolutionary chant, "Yankee Doodle."

One Yank, pub-crawling the other night in a London suburb little frequented by his countrymen, caught a group of natives red-handed harmonizing "Tike Me Bawk to Tennessee," and in the subway a bunch of British soldiers and girls were heard one night to raise their voices in "It's Springtime in the Rockies." Last week a British regimental band marched up Regent Street, just off Piccadilly Circus, blaring Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever"—and only a handful of Yanks in sight to appreciate it.

The are other signs: Newspapers are printing major-league results . . . Luncheonettes (snack bars) off Leicester Square are advertising American-style hamburger steak . . . The Pam-Pam, on the square, gets in a shipment of Coca-Cola weekly . . . A few Britishers, captivated by the voice of Sgt. Bill Carey in his nightly sports summary, are beginning to follow the National League race . . . and a few British soldiers have been heard to refer to their own chevrons as upside down instead of ours as such . . . Jack Benny and Rochester are catching on . . .

It won't last, probably, but for the duration it's here.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

ALL OVER THE JOINT

Minus Soft Soap And Guest Soap, Army As Hotel Host Takes No Lip

The Army has entered the hotel business and its motto is "The Guest Is Rarely Right." The result is a hotelkeeper's dream. The Army hostels in Chicago, Atlantic City, Miami Beach, Des Moines, Asbury Park, and Columbus are filled to capacity, with a waiting list for each room. Guests clean their own rooms, do their own laundry, and wash their own dishes. They can't even check out unless the management gives its okay.

This pattern for military life originated last February, when the Army Air Force decided to establish an OCS for its Technical Training Command at Miami Beach. Since then it has spread to Chicago, where the $27,000,000 Hotel Stevens has become Unit No. 1 of the AAF Radio School; Des Moines, where the WAAC's are installed in three hotels; Atlantic City, which has become an AAF Replacement Center; and points west.

The Army method of running a hotel is very simple. First, all the fancy decorations are taken down and everything breakable is removed. This leaves the hotel looking half-furnished, but safe. The corner drug-store becomes the PX, which also takes over the coffee shoppe, barber shoppe, and all the other shoppes. The bridal suite becomes the dispensary, the ballroom becomes a

G. I. Joe

"I wish you wouldn't insist on a lightning rod for extra protection!"

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IN IRELAND, Pvt. Sherman Vaughan, of Somerset, Ky., wakes in his hospital bed to a pleasant surprise: movie actress Patricia Morison, touring entertainer.

IN AUSTRALIA, Pvt. A. Washbourne, of Jersey City, finally is convinced that a Laughing Jackass is a bird—in fact the very bird he's holding.

classroom, and over the entrance to the bar is hung the familiar green light.

Few changes are made in the rooms themselves. The bathrooms are left quite alone, except that the little packages of guest soap are taken out. The bedrooms are stripped of the fancy bed with the innerspring mattress and anywhere from three to nine double-deckers take its place. Everything else is nailed down, just to make sure.

Then the "Welcome" mat is pulled in and a sign hung over the entrance saying "U. S. Army —No Trespassing." The exits are covered with M. P.'s, and the place is open for business.

By now the Army has occupied 215 hotels, or approximately 2% of all the hotels in the country. At Miami Beach and Atlantic City they have taken over practically every major hotel on the waterfront. In these cities they have also moved into many night clubs and restaurants, which are now being used as mess halls and classrooms.

Calisthenics and drills are performed each morning on the beach or boardwalk or simply in the street. Policing the area means street-cleaning, which may be why they haven't moved the cavalry into town. When you pull guard you comb the beach or walk the street; when you pull K. P. you wash and wipe in luxurious surroundings, but there are just as many dishes.

G. I. life in the various cities varies according to the local facilities and atmosphere. It's tougher in Atlantic City than in Chicago, mainly because the former is classified within the combat zone and must observe stringent blackout restrictions. It's okay in Miami, if you like heat, and fine in Des Moines, if you like WAAC's.

Discipline is actually more rigid in hotels than at a regular post and the relations between soldier and civilian are stricter. The men still refer to their quarters as though they were in camp, but find it hard to convince people they're not tipsy. After all, who ever heard of taking an elevator 16 floors to get to your barracks?

FROM A YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

By Sgt. Dave Breger

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm starting to wonder about the number four censor!"

AUSTRALIA

It's A Small World, Isn't It? This Time, Much Too Small For Japs

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—An American bomber, attacked above the Pacific by a couple of Zeros, sent a burst of machine-gun bullets into one of them. The Jap plane, crippled but not yet done for, fluttered down toward the sea and skimmed along its surface like a bird with a broken wing. At that moment, an American submarine, cruising along just beneath the surface, came up, caught the stricken fighter in its gun sights, and delivered the knockout punch.

This tale of teamwork was told in circumstances equally incredible to Cpl. Richard Fillback at an American Army canteen in an Australian seaport. He heard it at the same time from Cpl. Hjalmar Molner, of the Air Corps, who was in the bomber, and from Seaman John McGuary, who was in the sub. None of them had the faintest notion that either of the other two was within 10,000 miles of Australia. And, to top it all off, all three of them come from Menomonie, Wis., a town of 5,000 population.

It all happened like this. Molner, on leave, was strolling down an Australian street when he sighted a familiar figure in sailor's garb. It was McGuary whom he hadn't seen since some time before they both left Menomonie to join the armed forces more than two years ago. They decided to go to the canteen to talk over some of their experiences. They had scarcely walked in when they both almost fell over backward at the unexpected sight of Cpl. Fillback, who had come to town on pass.

Thus reunited, the soldier, the sailor, and the airman started discussing old times and recent events. "Say, here's one for the books," said Molner, and began the weird tale of how his bomber batted the Japs down toward the waiting sub. McGuary's eyes lit up as the story progressed, and, long before its conclusion, he broke in to exclaim that he was a party to the same occasion.

Sure, it's hard to believe, but that's the way Fillback told it when he got back to camp, and that's the way they'll be telling it back in Menomonie for years to come.

And, speaking of coincidences, here's another one that cropped up in Australia. Some months ago the children in Room 19 of the Oliver Wendell Holmes School in Dorchester, Mass., decided to do their bit to make life more pleasant for our soldiers overseas. So, with pennies saved from their allowances, they bought some presents for the troops—razor blades, shoe laces, chewing gum and a few other items they thought the boys might like. They painted American flags on the covers of half a dozen boxes, arranged their gifts neatly within, and asked the Dorchester postman to deliver the packages to Gen. MacArthur.

Gen. MacArthur got the packages, all right, and his headquarters passed them down to several enlisted men, among them Pfc. Roger T. Tierney and Pvt. Charles T. Dwyer. And where do Tierney and Dwyer come from? You guessed it—Dorchester, Mass.

SGT. E. J. KAHN, JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

CARIBBEAN

A Cuban Sergeant From Brooklyn Gives Orders to Colonels and Majors

CARIBBEAN DEFENSE POST—At least one sergeant in this man's army can yell orders at officers and get away with it, six days a week. On the seventh day he rests and marvels at his lot. The officers obey him, too—especially the shavetails, who are quite possibly stunned by the whole business.

The sergeant is Reinaldo Gonzalez y Vila of Brooklyn.

He gives his orders in Spanish.

The officers who jump when he commands are students in his Spanish classes.

The classes are for the personnel of Headquarters, Caribbean Defense Command, and have set most of the HQ boys to speaking Spanish. Eight hours of Sgt. Gonzalez' day are given over to the instruction of uniformed men.

Gonzalez is a pioneer at his trade but now his success means other units within this command will have classes whenever suitable instructors can be found.

The sergeant is a capable teacher. Born in Matanzas, Cuba, in 1914, he lived and was educated in Havana, coming to New York in 1935. An accomplished pianist, he studied at the New York School of Music for two years, preparing himself for the concert stage. Eventually he became a U. S. citizen.

In 1941 Sgt. Gonzalez decided that Hitler was getting out of hand, boding no good for the U.S. and Cuba, so he enlisted in the Army in May of that year. He ended up as a sergeant in this area.

In spite of the fact that he is doing work that most dogfaces would give their right arms to do, the sergeant takes it pretty calmly. A man who gives orders to colonels has to be calm.

SGT. JOHN W. WADE
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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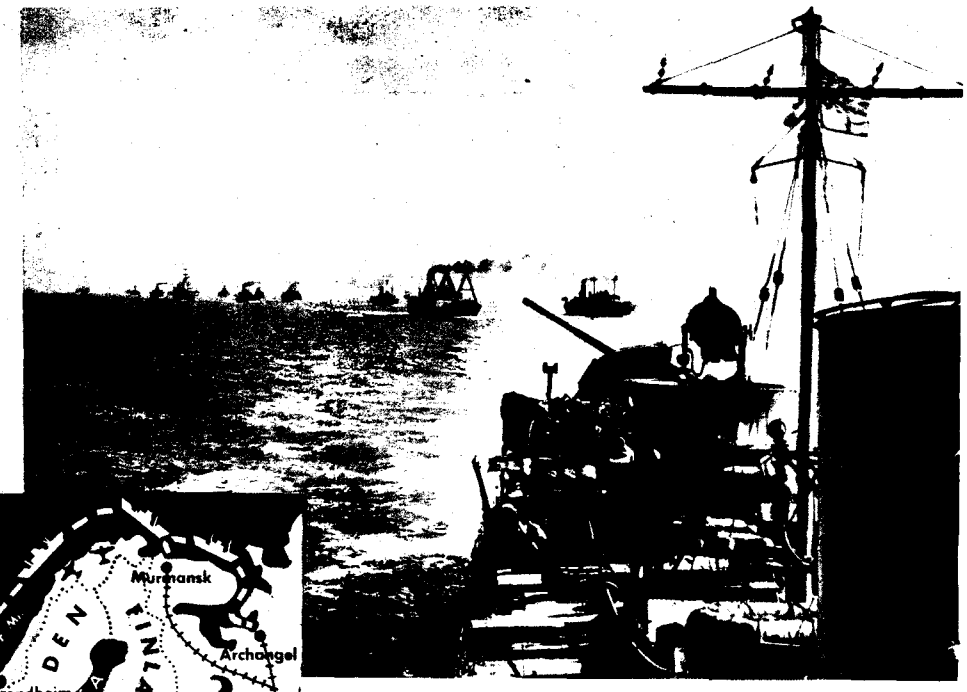
A WEEK OF WAR

Largest Allied Convoy Reaches Russia—Jap Plans Halted—Sabotage in Europe



Carries guns and supplies to the Soviet.

THERE were German bombers high overhead and torpedo planes sweeping down on the ships. The chill waters of the Arctic were infested with U-boats.

A destroyer and a minesweeper were sunk, but most of the cargo arrived at its destination. An Allied convoy had delivered to Soviet Russia the greatest total of aircraft, tanks, guns and ammunition from the U. S. and Great Britain ever transported in a single voyage.

And more was yet to come—much more. The United Nations were on their way to meeting the all important problem of shipping, of transporting men and materials of war to the battle fronts where they are most needed.

In London A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced that England's naval losses in aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers and destroyers have been completely replaced during the last 27 months. Emory S. Land, chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, revealed that this country will produce three merchant ships every day during October.

In Oregon master-builder Henry J. Kaiser launched the Liberty ship Joseph N. Teal 10 days after the keel was laid, and in Quincy, Mass., a new aircraft carrier — the Lexington — was ready for her rendezvous with the Japanese who sank her predecessor in the Coral Sea.

All this was sorry news for the enemy. Its only reply was a feeble assertion from Tokyo and Berlin that Axis naval operations had been joined in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans.

Stalingrad Still Stands

Sorrier still to the Germans was the word from Stalingrad.

"We are living in wine fumes," wrote one Nazi soldier, "because one can endure such muck only when dead drunk."

The letter was never delivered. It was found on the German's body in one of the streets where almost every house was a fortress, every staircase a machine-gun nest, every kitchen an artillery replacement.

And still the battle was not ended. Soviet troops not only held their ground; they pushed onward, and the Nazis gave way. The Russians claimed 150 Nazi tanks destroyed in two days and 12,000 Nazis killed in five. Berlin replied only that what is certainly its most expensive campaign to date is "only of secondary importance."

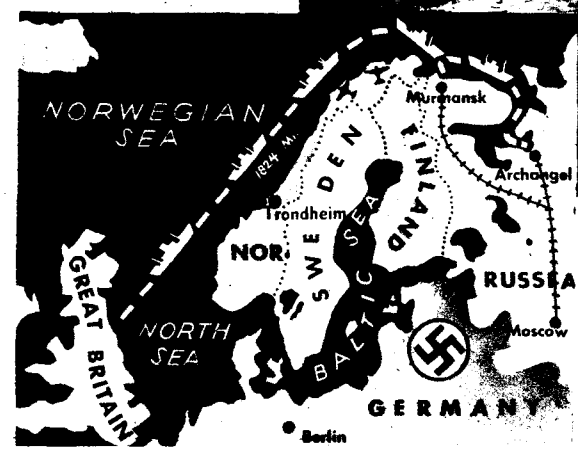
To Wendell Willkie the struggle of Stalingrad was additional proof of the "high morale of the Russian Army and the Russian people." After a conference with Joseph Stalin and a trip to the fighting front of Rzhev in an American jeep, President Roosevelt's personal emissary left Moscow for China.

WILLKIE

There "Mr. Powerful Foundation," as the Chinese call Willkie due to his large size, was to be greeted by a display of a million firecrackers, to be entertained by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and to see in action a nation which has been at war more than five years.

He would also see two new overland transportation routes now ready to carry American war material from India and Iran to Chungking, and the men and planes of Lieut. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, Chief of Staff of Allied Forces in China, now making almost nightly bombing attacks on Japanese-held points.

Where "Mr. Powerful Foundation" would go after his stay among the 400,000,000 Chinese was not known, but should he reach the South Pacific he would find plenty of Allied activity.



Probable route of Allied convoy to Russia.

There, too, the Axis had been disappointed. It was so carefully planned. The Japanese troops wore uniforms camouflaged to match the jungle; they painted their faces and hands green; many officers and men learned English; much British currency was printed in Tokyo for spending on arrival in Australia.

But the plans went awry. For 11 straight days Allied planes struck at Nipponese communication lines between Buna, on the north New Guinea coast, and the mountain village of Kokoda, base for the Japanese drive across the Owen Stanley mountains.

Port Moresby still stood, but the carefully trained Japanese jungle troops continued to fight hard and well. In the Solomons the battle-wise Marines beat back every assault, and waited for the anticipated heavy attack from the green-clad enemy.

The Marines in the Solomons knew better than any other American fighting men that Joseph C. Grew, former U. S. ambassador to Japan, was correct. "Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can the Japanese be defeated," he said.

New Theatre of Operations?

The same could be said for the enemy in Europe.

One hint of further action there came from Admiralty Chief Alexander. Britain's 1942 Navy, he said, includes "many landing craft." British short wave warned Frenchmen to evacuate coastal areas between the Belgian frontier and the Pyrenees because they are "likely to become more and more a theatre of operations."

Brig. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, chief of the U. S. Bomber Command in Britain, promised that "hardly a corner" of Germany will not be bombed by his squadrons in the next few months.

GEN. EAKER

American planes and those of the RAF will soon be flying together, he promised. Previously U. S. Army bombers have flown mainly by day, and the British by night.

A raid on Oslo was an exception. Four British Mosquito bombers made their debut by swooping over Quisling's headquarters during a meeting of Norway's Nazi leaders.

Four of his fellow traitors were killed, and 40 were injured. But there was no indignation among the Norwegians. Instead, the entire country was in a near state of siege. Scores of patriots who had gone to their rooftops to wave to the British bombers were arrested.

Even some of Quisling's own followers were in revolt, and their leader demanded "an end to internal dissension which, to a certain extent, is also pervading the party itself."

And Norway was not alone. Headquarters of the Belgian Fascist Party were bombed. Gen. Mikhailovitch and his fighting Yugoslav guerrillas were said to have caused Adolf Hitler to call Ante Pavelic, head of the puppet Croat state, to Berlin to demand that Yugoslav resistance to the "New Order" be put down.

Reports from Bucharest were that the Official Gazette had announced that Rumanian Army deserters would be punished by death, and in cases where they went over to the enemy, their next of kin would be shot.

Pierre Laval's troubles continued. He insisted that his regime was "very solid" and would continue in office. But he was forced to dismiss M. Jacques Benoist-Mechin, one of his closest associates and Secretary of State in charge of relations with Germany. It was necessary to rule that any Frenchman with an illegal wireless transmitting set would be put to death.

Occupied Europe must not know the story of Allied shipping strength, of Stalingrad, of the battle in the Pacific, or of the growing forces of the United Nations in Britain.

Another convoy of American soldiers had arrived in Britain. That, too, must be kept from the people.

SHIPS FOR MEN WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA

ADMIRAL LAND

A. V. ALEXANDER

Coordination did it—the coordination of the navies and merchant marines of the United Nations. But the great Allied convoy would never have arrived in Russia without the planning and the foresight of an American sailor and a British grocer.

The sailor was Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, War Shipping Administrator, and this country's representative on the United Nations' Combined Shipping Adjustment Board, a combination that the admiral called a "mean s.o.b. of a job" but that made it possible for him to announce that this country's goal of 23,000,000 tons of new cargo craft by the end of 1943 would be reached.

The grocer was Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty, former spokesman for the British Cooperative Movement, who, *despite the loss of 500 fighting ships in 27* months, was last week able to report that Britain's Navy and Merchant Marine are today stronger than in September, 1939.

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
OCT. 7, 1942
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

Last Letter Home

On July 4 last Capt. Clyde H. Webb, Jr., of Peoria, Ill., wrote a letter to his wife from the South Seas.

He was a professional soldier, a West Pointer. As pilot of a Flying Fortress, he had been in 23 actions against the Japanese. It was his last letter home.

We have the letter from Mrs. Webb, a nurse now awaiting orders in the Army Nurse Corps. She is taking up the fight that her husband died for in action against the enemy in the South Pacific.

That last letter home is YANK's editorial this week. It is the viewpoint of a professional soldier. It will be a long time before anyone writes a better one.

Independence Day, and here I am fighting for that same independence again against a different enemy, in a different country, and with a new weapon, air power.

I know now what Washington meant when he said that we would always have to fight for our freedom. I believe he said that, but maybe it was Franklin. I used to think that it was meant figuratively, but now I believe it was meant literally as well.

Freedom will always go to those who are willing to fight and suffer for it. If we, as a nation, are willing to suffer, and die, and kill for that freedom, nothing will ever take it away from us. Unless we are we will lose this war and the freedom which we are fighting for. I can see now why wars will never cease. It is too near the impossible to expect that all nations will ever have all they want or even all they need for a meager living. And until they do they will fight for that pittance.

And in their hunger and in their desperation they will always have a fanaticism which will overshadow the love of freedom which the more fortunate nations have. That will cause ceaseless armies to spring up where no army should exist, dictators will arise, and only as long as we keep our willingness to kill will we be able to put down these uprisings.

Where do I come in on this vicious cycle?

I'm a soldier by choice and as a soldier I have assumed certain duties in trade for certain things which the nation is willing to give me for my services. The duties involve an agreement to fight anywhere at any time, under any circumstances. A big order, naturally. I even agree by an oath to die for my country if need be. I am not necessarily fighting for my wife and family alone; I am fighting for a nation which has decreed that a war is to be fought. I am not fighting for my own personal protection. Look at the thousands of healthy young men who are capable of fighting who will never carry a weapon. I'm fighting for them too.

What I get in return is small in some respects, large in others, but large or small it is all part of my bargain. I get a chance at financial security which is not particularly important to a man of my education. Few men of my chances ever starve to death. I get a chance at excitement that the ordinary man never experiences.

Coming face to face with death is exciting any time, but to make a habit of it is really a lifetime of experiences in a very short time. I get a chance to feel that I am carrying more than any one man can claim as his share to carry. I have more responsibility in an eight-hour combat mission than many men have had in a lifetime. A three hundred thousand dollar airplane and the lives of eight highly trained men with a truck load to deliver to the Japs at the right time, and at the place where it will do the most damage is a big order for a boy of 25, but it is commonplace in this game.

A certain amount of personal glory comes to any man who is fighting. If not directly aimed at him it affects his organization and he takes pride in it. He becomes a person of great importance in his own eyes. That will make up for almost anything he has to go through.

What is my driving force? Simply I'm a soldier and I'm taking orders.

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Hermann the Prophet

From the New York *Times*: "Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering, who once predicted that no enemy bomb would ever fall on German soil, was reported touring bombed areas in Western Germany. . . . His remarks were not recorded."

Remember . . . They're Still Chinese

According to the Chicago *Sun*, the Tokyo Radio has been excitedly reporting in all languages the birth of quadruplets to a Chinese couple living in Japanese-occupied Manchukuo. Each broadcast cites the event as proof of the benefits accruing to the natives under the Japanese Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

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Pictures: Cover-2-3-4, Sgt. George Aarons. 5-6-7, Gowen Photos from Camp Hood. 8, left, U.S. Army; right, U.S.M.C. 9, left, Acme; right, Australian Newspaper. 10, top right, British Combine; left, center left, center right, Acme; right, PA. 12-13, top left, U.S. Sig. Corps; top center, bottom center right, INP; top right, PA; bottom left, U.S.M.C.; bottom center left, bottom right, Acme. 14, left, INP; right, PA. 15, left, right, PA; center, WW. 17, YANK Staff. 18, top, Pvt. Ben Schnall; bottom, PRO Camp Bowie. 19, PRO Camp Davis. 20, Pvt. Ben Schnall. 21, top, INP; bottom, Acme. 22-23, INP. 24, Gowen Photos from Camp Hood.
Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

Ah, Gentle German War!

Writing in the German magazine *Das Reich*, Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels in a message dripping with love says, "War is conducted by Germany without the slightest desire for revenge. Nobody in Germany has ever proclaimed as a war aim the utter destruction or economic liquidation of a conquered enemy."

Guess Who!

The Nazi-controlled Danish Radio reports that during April, May and June, 947 fires occurred in Denmark, "many of them of mysterious origin."

Oil Shampoo (Russian Style)

Soldier-reporters of the German Propaganda Kompanie are complaining bitterly about the "grotesque and unreasonable" methods employed by the Russians in the defense of Stalingrad.

"They have brought into play the mediaeval riposte of boiling oil, which they pour down on our heads from buildings and tanks, thus cooking us alive."

"These methods," lament the Germans, "are hardly fair."

We're Off the List

Hitler has revised his hard-pressed Aryan theory again. Now the only pure Aryans are those living within the boundaries of the Greater Reich and expressing a complete love and admiration for the Fuehrer and all his edicts.

The Aryans living in Holland, Norway, Denmark, etc. have become "debased" by long contact with inferior foreign elements, and most henceforth be considered as "Aryans of the Second Class."

The British, Canadians and Australians are considered, of course, as hopelessly lost and contaminated, and must be crossed from the list of Aryans altogether.

No attempt is made to explain the status of the Slavic Prussians, the Tartarish Austrians, the Gallic Rhinelanders, or the newest additions to the Aryan race—the Italians and the Japanese.

One Ham on Sawdust, Coming Up

The Berlin correspondent of the Swiss newspaper *Neuezuercher Zeitung* reports that Berlin bakers have been threatened with "severe punishment" unless the quality of their sawdust bread improves.

Adolf the Beneficent

"Stalingrad," says the Berlin Radio, "is no longer a military problem. The slow progress of the Wehrmacht on this front is only due to Adolf Hitler's consideration for human life."

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YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

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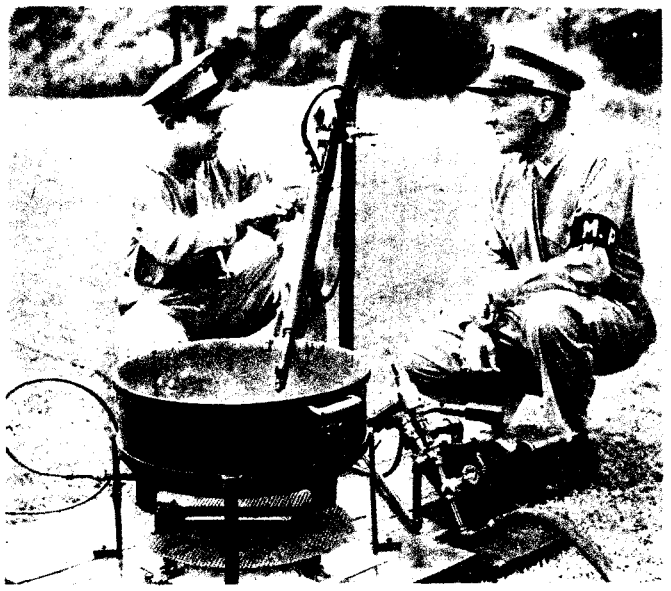
DO NOT DISTURB. On a natural bed deep in Louisiana, an infantryman takes a nap after a day of maneuvers.

KEY, PLEASE. Evelyn Keyes is bol of drive to 12,000,000 pounds in nickel from old



NEW GADGET. Marine Sgt. Sidney J. McMain (left, in photo above) demonstrates his new rifle bath to Capt. Charles Emery at Quantico, Va. Under high pressure, chemically-treated hot soapy water is sprayed through bore by nozzle that fits breech like cartridge (see photo below). It does the whole job in five minutes.

NOT ALL SCRAP. A 5-inch field gun which saw service in the Spanish-American war well as in many a movie battle gets a V-sendoff from four starlets b fore becoming a part of Uncle Sam's gigantic scrap heap. The nonscrapable stuff (l. to r.): Lorrai Miller, Linda Gray, Martha O'Driscoll and Marie McDonald. It's a lucky field gun in company like th

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How To Influence People

THEY TRAIN to fight by fighting at the Fort George G. Meade (Md.), Ranger and Combat School, as the pictures above and at right prove. The lads don't try to pull punches in hand-to-hand combat.

UP AND OVER. At an Eastern seaboard training center in the U.S., these troops are engaged in the problem of dislodging entrenched "enemy" forces. Here they scale wall of moat that stood between them and the "enemy." Hell or high water, they get across.

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NEWS FROM HOME

FALL HARVEST GETS UNDERWAY

South Starts Picking Cotton as Labor Shortage And Price-Control Issue Put Farmer in Nation's Spotlight

It was cotton-picking time in the South this week.

A stack of a thousand $1 bills waited for the man who could beat last year's record of 130 pounds in two hours in the National Cotton Picking Contest, the "South's biggest agricultural party," held in Mississippi County, Ark., largest cotton-producing county in the world.

In Georgia the mayors of Barnesville, Fayetteville, Woolsey, Brooks and Tryone declared a holiday for everything except cotton picking. The butcher, the banker and the mayors themselves donned overalls and invaded the fields to harvest the best cotton crop in years. For every 100 pounds plucked they were paid $1, which promptly went into war bonds or to the USO. The crop had to be gathered early this year, before it could be damaged by exposure. Most of the lint will go into the manufacture of war materials, where only the best grades can be used.

In California, 95 officers and men of the State Militia went into the fields and harvested 13,180 pounds of fruits and vegetables in one day—to the accompaniment of a 14-piece military band. Exulted Capt. Maurice H. Auerback, commanding officer of the militia: "Boy, you'd be surprised what a lot of tomatoes a man can pick to the tune of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'."

In the Northwest the opening of the Fall season for Columbia River salmon fishermen held the answer to a $250,000,000 riddle. The question: Did breeding salmon manage to climb the fish ladders of Bonneville Dam when it was built in 1938 to reach their upstream breeding grounds, and were their young able to slip through the dam's power turbines on the trip to the sea where they live for four years? At stake is the $250,000,000 Columbia River salmon industry. Last year's Fall season yielded a record catch of chinook salmon, but the possibility of a major run this year was in doubt. At week's end it was still too early to tell.

A lot depended on whether or not the salmon had fought their way upstream. The Government last week notified the salmon-canning industry that it will require for the military forces, Lend-Lease and other Government distribution at least 60 per cent of each canner's 1942 pack.

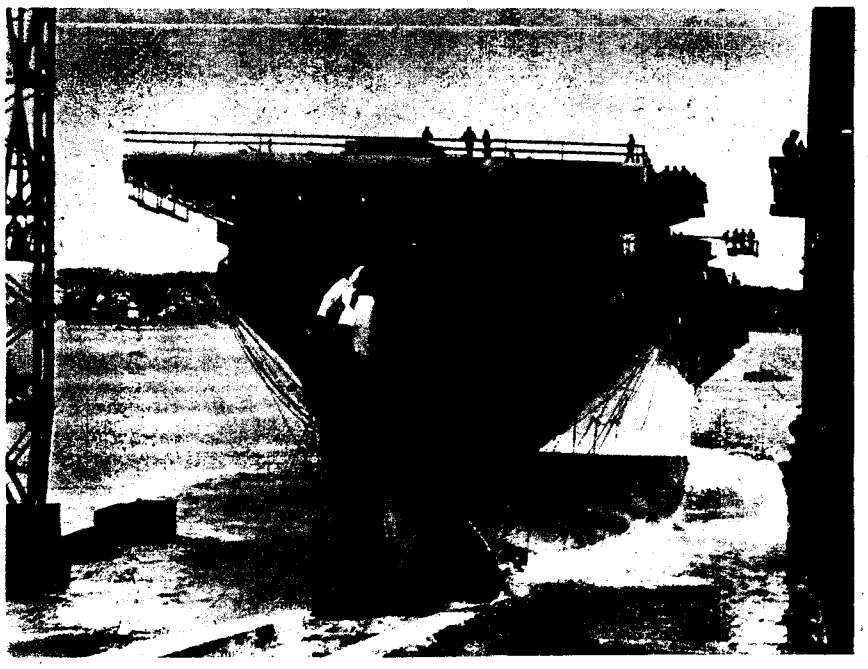
Shortage of farm labor led the Department of Agriculture to ask farmers to cut down production of foods that require much effort but have little calorie value. Nutritionists said that one hour of labor spent on pork production will return from four to 16 times as many calories as an hour spent on poultry, eggs, milk, lamb or beef. Wheat and barley provide 200 per cent more calories for each hour of work than does pork.

In the Chicago *Daily News* Senator Soaper cracked: "Habit is strong, and while many a country fair was canceled this month, we had the rain anyway."

The farmers held the spotlight in Washington too. There the issue was price control to stop a runaway inflation that threatened to impoverish everybody. A Gallup pole among farmers in the Middle West, whose crop prices would come under the regulations, showed 71 per cent in favor of price-wage control. But all week long a farm bloc in Congress tried to take the teeth out of the price-control bill. President Roosevelt had set Oct. 1 as the date on which he would use his war-time powers to set up price control if Congress did not do it first.

So the country was going to have price control. The question was whether it would be brought about in Congress by the usual democratic methods or whether the President would be left to take action in the emergency.

It was a bad week for saboteurs, seditionists and enemy propagandists. Mrs. Max Stephan, whose husband is to be hanged Nov. 13 for aiding a German pilot who fled a Canadian prison camp, lost her citizenship and faced trial before an enemy alien board to determine whether she is to be interned for the duration of the war. Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of "The Red Network," went on trial on a charge of conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces. The conviction of George Sylvester Viereck as a secret Nazi agent was upheld and he will pay a $3,000 fine and serve a 2-to-6-year prison term.



Another Lexington. U. S. aircraft carrier, named for the ship which fought so gallantly before she was sunk in Coral Sea, is launched at Quincy, Mass.

Glory Weller Miller found herself married to a man she had never "seen."

People Back Home—

Philadelphia, Pa. — Someone contributed a loaded grenade to a scrap metal drive.

Detroit, Mich. — Lawrence Woods sued his wife for a divorce. They were incompatible, he said; she often spent the whisky money for bread.

Bluejacket, Okla.—Supt. of Schools W. R. Yuebanks went to Springdale, Ark., in search of teachers to hire for the next school term. Instead Springdale hired him.

Jerseyville, Ill. — A group of selectees were scheduled to leave on the 3 a.m. train, but J. B. Hunter failed to appear. Police routed him from bed. But Hunter is no selectee —he's the draft board chairman.

Washington, D. C.—The mint abandoned experimenting with glass pennies.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Charles S. Handelman, who 35 years ago had a newsstand just outside the Evening Public Ledger building, bought the structure at auction for $80,000.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. Elsie Joseph jumped out of the bathtub when an inch-long fish shot out of the faucet. The city water department refused to comment.

Houston, Tex. — Lonnie Burton locked his stable door and put a burglar alarm on it as well. The horse was stolen anyway.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—City council refused to pay a bill from the garage which houses the municipal automobiles because one item was $2 for air for the tires.

Washington, D. C.—Feminine fashions will not trend toward naval motifs. The Navy issued a public reminder that it is prohibited by law to copy naval uniforms, including those of the WAVES.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Charles William Keith, 21, of Marion, Ind., and Charles William Keith, 21, of Indianapolis, reported to the same confused recruiting officer, who is sending them out as soon as possible.

Worcester, Mass.—On the same day, Dr. Joseph Wondolowski celebrated his seventh wedding anniversary, his 35th birthday, his daughter Mary's third birthday, his son Joseph's second birthday; his brother Stanley won renomination as a state representative, another brother came home on furlough with a secret bride, a third brother got married.

Des Moines, Iowa—A girl was born to the Walter Birminghams at 5:20 a.m. at Mercy Hospital. A boy was born to the Ervin Birminghams at 5:35 a.m. at Mercy Hospital. The two Mrs. Birminghams are sisters; the two Mr. Birminghams are brothers.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. John Slaski called police when her husband began breaking the Japanese-made dishes in their home. The sentiment was all right; it was his method she objected to—he was breaking them over her head.

New York, N. Y. — In a bar Fred Cooper, an Army private, bought three seats on the New York Cotton Exchange for $9,600. Arested when his check bounced, he was amused that anyone took him seriously.

New Orleans, La. — Two nuns are studying aviation at Loyola University of the South. They will pass on their knowledge to high school students under a government program to "air condition" young America.

Kansas City, Mo.—Larry Wells, 21, told police he stole a truck because the four new tires and tubes he had stolen a few minutes before were too heavy to carry.

Portland, Ore.—The first old phonograph record dropped in a collection box at city hall was entitled "A Japanese Sunset," a fox trot of the early 1920's.

Elkhart, Ind.—The paper *Truth* ran this ad under "Pets and Supplies": "Boston — Gentleman who called Sunday, L-9058, for breeding, please call again."

Lambertville, N. J.—Checking over its files preparatory to installing a new system, the State Motor Vehicle Bureau discovered that ever since one Batista Lenico failed his first driver's test in 1917 he had been driving on learners' permits—224 of them in 25 years.

Napa, Cal. — Pasteur treatment saved the life of 3-year-old Kenneth Spraggins, who was bitten by a skunk which had rabies.

San Diego, Cal.—Though a woman wanted them included in an anti-noise ordinance, city council ruled that newsboys' cries are a "normal city noise."

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Bettie Greenway's birthday phone call to Cpl. Rolin Bacher in Honolulu resulted in Rolin proposing. Bettie said: "Yes."

In Chicago and Detroit the FBI nabbed 85 plotters and broke up a scheme to unite the world's dark-skinned races with the Japs and "drive the white devils into the sea." One of the leaders, a Negro named Robert Harris, was "king" of the Temple of Islam, and his followers planned to seize and offer the mayor of Detroit on their altar of sacrifice. When the mayor proved hard to kidnap, King Harris settled for the life of a Negro unbeliever. At high noon he plunged a dirk into the man's heart after a weird voodoo ceremony while the waiting victim lay on a rudely constructed altar. Afterwards King Harris told police: "He was a willing sacrifice. He gave himself willingly and without protest to Allah after I appeased him." It developed that Harris "appeased" the victim by a blow on the head with a crank handle.

The nation's three top tunes of the week were "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," "My Devotion" and "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings"—although a novelty called "Strip Polka," a take-off on burlesque, was getting all the play in the juke boxes.

Named for the ship sunk in the Battle of the Coral Sea, the new aircraft carrier Lexington slid down the ways—the second carrier launched since Pearl Harbor. The Maritime Commission announced that 466 merchant ships have been delivered into service since the first Liberty ship was launched a year ago. At Wilmington, Cal., Marian Anderson christened the 10,000-ton freighter Booker T. Washington, which will have a Negro captain.

Comdr. Gene Tunney, addressing a WAVES training class at Smith College, dug out his old Shakespeare to illustrate the point that the Navy wants its WAVES to be sturdy but not too warrior-like. He quoted "Henry the Sixth":

"A maid—a maid and so martial.
"Pray God, not too martial ere long."

Glory Weller Miller, a Hollywood blonde, claimed to have emerged from a year of amnesia to find herself married to a man she didn't know. "He has double chins," she said. "How could I have married a mar with double chins?"

At Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Dragoo, 24, were sworn into the U.S. Army together—he for the Air Force, she for the WAACs. Henry J. Kaiser, Pacific Coast shipbuilder, set up an office to recruit 20,000 workers in New York City alone; and the first special train pulled out of Hoboken for Kaiser's record-breaking Portland (Ore.) shipyards with 511 riveters, boilermakers and other shipbuilders aboard.

Maurice Dragoo's wife didn't want to stay at home when he enlisted in Philadelphia. So she joined the WAAC's.

Recognizing the "major role" that labor will play in the post-war picture, Harvard University set up fellowships for nine months' study for 15 representatives of American trade unions. A Kansas University chemist invented a scales which can weigh the fizz in champagne bubbles or the puff in a Bronx cheer. The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company reported it had increased output of Bofors 40-mm anti-aircraft gun 1,000 per cent since Pearl Harbor.

"Be good while I'm gone." Joseph Kinlen, who answered Kaiser Shipyards' call for 20,000 workers, bids his children farewell at Hoboken.

Mrs. Roosevelt couldn't find the front-door key to the White House; she wanted to give it to a scrap drive. Gypsy Rose Lee wrote a musical comedy, "Ghost in the Woodpile." A Philadelphia man chained himself to a fire plug until he had sold $100,000 worth of war bonds.

When Bettie Greenway of Lawndale, Pa., phoned Cpl. Rolin Bacher, on duty with the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps in Honolulu, to wish him a happy birthday, he said: "I was just going to call you to ask you to marry me." The answer was "Yes," of course.

Idaho girls organized the Grangeville Girl Guerillas—first in the country. The CIO gave Lieut. Lyudmila Pavlichenko, Russian woman sniper who shot 309 Nazis, a fur coat. A director of J. P. Morgan & Co. was named vice chairman of Russian War Relief.

Three B. & O. trains piled up near Dickerson, Md., killing 20 persons. Spring Valley, Wis., had a tornado fatal to four. There were riots at Klamath Falls, Ore., and Little Rock, Ark., when Jehovah's Witnesses, whose religion forbids their saluting the flag, tried to assemble.

The Bureau of the Census released figures showing a population increase of 50% above the normal for 1941, due, as might be expected, to a rise in the birthrate without any rise in the number of deaths. A member of the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange lost his butler to the FBI. Agents removed the butler on suspicion of being a German undercover man. Eleanor Hughes, Pittsburgh, Pa. 3-year old, lost her battle against death begun September 17 when a needle lodged in her throat. An operation failed to locate and extract the needle which eventually penetrated her heart.

Last week, just as abruptly as it started for millions of sufferers on Aug. 15, hay fever season ended.

It was National Religious Education Week, dedicated to strengthening the Christian foundations of democracy.

If the U.S. were not observing year-round war time, this would have been the week in which clocks would have been turned back one hour.

Moline, Ill.—A classified display ad in the *Daily Dispatch:* "If you have had any bad melons, please come and get another one just like it FREE, or your money back. Thanks.—Quality Market."

Larchmont, N. Y.—Capt. Henry A. Stephenson, a prisoner of war in Germany, wrote for information, so Mrs. Josephine Stephenson had to answer, though she hated to inflict pain on her husband. She told him about the Dodgers.

Astoria, Ore. — The captain of a deep-sea fishing boat fired a rifle at what he thought was a submarine, then hauled aboard a six-foot turtle weighing 1,000 pounds.

Chicago, Ill. — Barbara Britton, a blonde, urged girls with boy friends in the service to wear heart-shaped pins engraved with USA, USN or USMC—"to win a wolf's respect so he won't get ideas."

Milwaukee, Wis. — A judge ruled that a mother dog was within her rights if she bit people in defense of her puppies.

Topeka, Kans.—A girl service-station attendant, replacing a man called to war, was fired because her language was too tough.

Topeka, Kans.—One Frank Coffman discovered that all the buttons in a closet full of clothes had been cut off and stolen. Nothing else was missing.

Seattle, Wash.—Heaving a piano up the stairs of an apartment house, Tom Fleming got it stuck between the second and third floors. Three moving companies refused to touch it. The piano's still stuck there; Fleming joined the Army.

Jamestown, N. Y.—A young woman wrote to ask a bus company to return her wrap-around skirt which had come off without her noticing it while she was riding home.

West Palm Beach, Fla.—Before police traced it and gave it back to its owner, a $15,000 diamond brooch changed hands three times in a crap game. Seventy-five cents was the highest bet against it.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—A woman reported the theft of $20. She said the money was concealed in her stocking, and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum-cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line.

Birmingham, Ala.—Someone advertised in the News-Age Herald for "a medium-sized hand-operated wench."

San Francisco, Cal.—Municipal Judge Teresa Miekle dismissed a traffic charge for the first time in her career. Capt. Leonard L. McGee mailed the tag from Australia with this note: "I didn't have time to come in and see you as I sailed the next day."

"I had a little falling out with the supply sergeant!"

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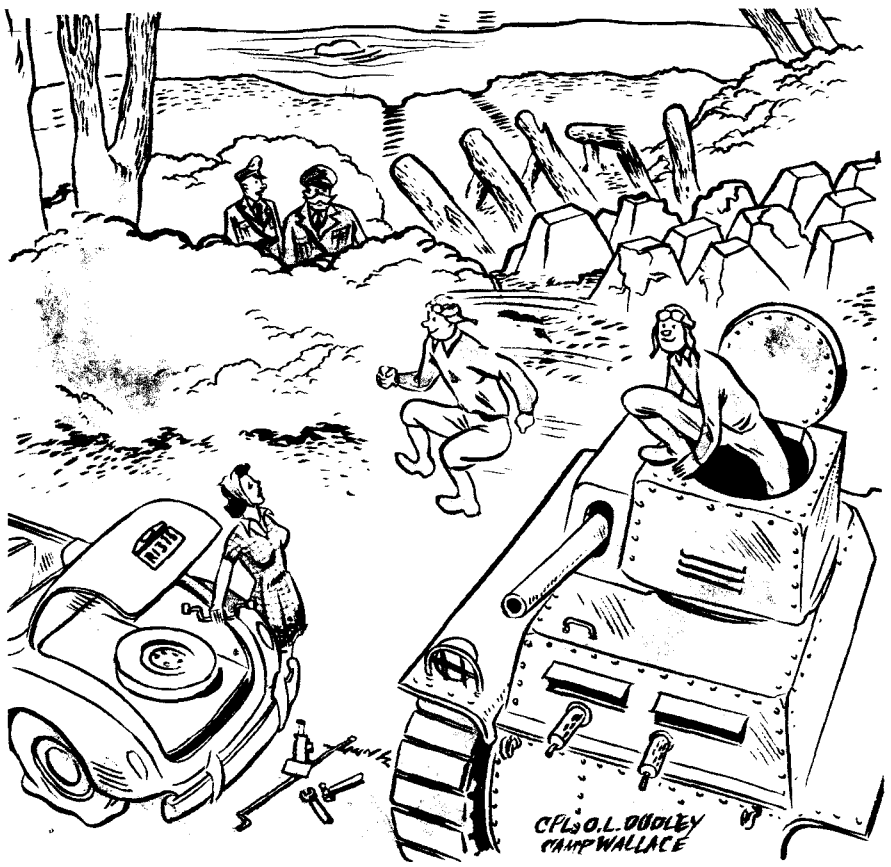


"It's the only thing so far that's been able to stop our new model!"

BETWEEN the LINES

Vito, the Vital Cog

Let us fill the air with quiet thanksgiving, now that the war effort has T/3 Vito Belpaese as a vital cog. Let us softly sing his praises and then sprinkle toothbrush bristles in his bunk.

See how smoothly he has come from the crowded thoroughfares of the Chicago loop to fill a niche in our personnel office. His is a work that touches all of us.

Before he became a technician third grade, Vito Belpaese was a servant of the people who wanted to get somewhere else in a hurry. Happy civilians would climb into a taxicab and there find Vito Belpaese waiting to speed them on their way. Vito was a cab-driver.

"North Western Station," they would gasp, wiping their brows with handkerchiefs, "and for gossakes hurry. We got four minutes to make connections with the train for Wilmette."

Vito Belpaese, wise and philosophic, would smile within himself, for he knew that hurry was harmful to the soul and that the suspense he could give them would make their lives fuller and richer.

So he would drive casually, skillfully catching all the red lights and watching the side streets for traffic jams he could get into. The other cabbies still speak fondly of Vito. Vito, they boast, never missed a traffic jam within three miles of his route.

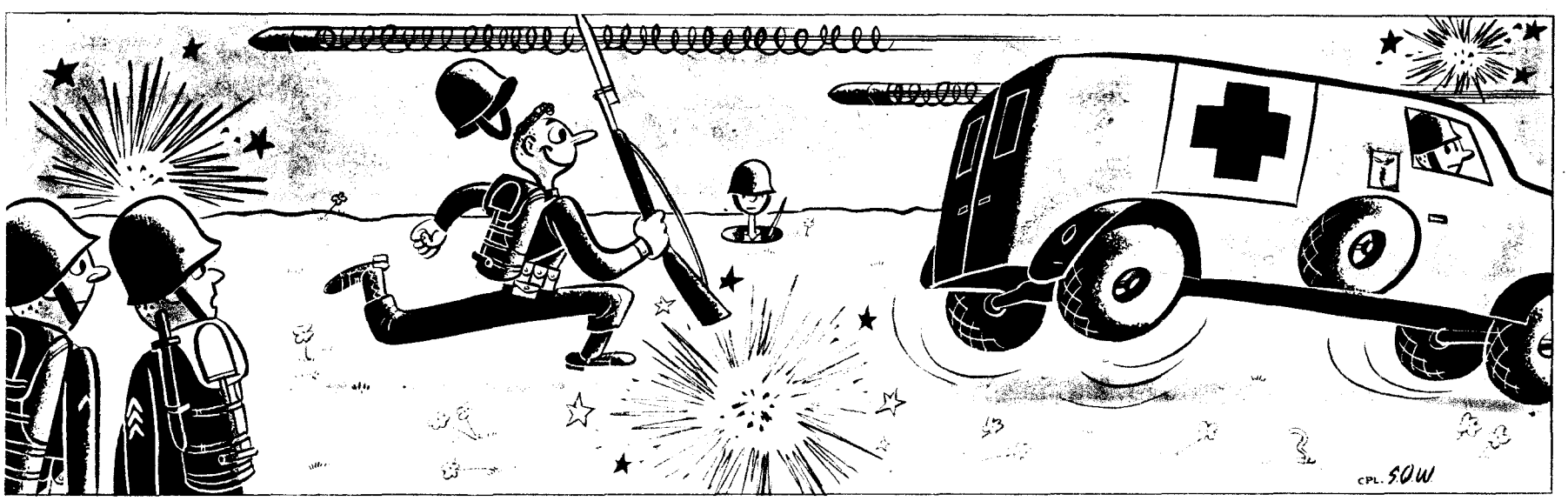
He would roll casually up to the station just as the gates closed upstairs, and his passenger would run sweating to the platform. Sometimes he'd make it; sometimes he wouldn't. Vito smiled, for he knew that all this was vanity and a striving after wind.

When Vito was drafted, he was extremely downcast. Nowhere in the Army could he have the same effect on human philosophy and human happiness. But he was wrong, bless him. He found his place. He became a vital clog.

Vito went to work in the personnel office, where he handles all the furloughs in the same damn way.

Viva Vito! And may it be a short war.

CPL. MARION HARGROVE



"Berton can't resist it. He used to be a lawyer"

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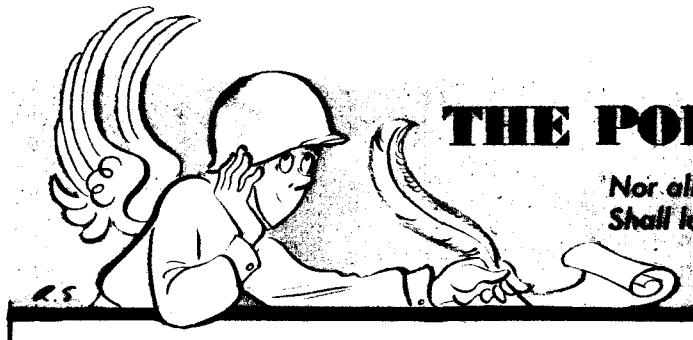

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

OF DICE AND MEN

He who shoots craps
After taps
Responds but heavily
To reveille,
While he who is frugaller
Is up with the bugler.

PFC. CARROLL JOHNSON
APO 45, NEW YORK

ROOKIE'S NIGHTMARE

I went down to the PX
To drink some three-point-two,
To rest my drill-weary doggies,
And cure a case of blues.

But that old drill-field cadence
Pounded through my brain once more,
And I heard the Sarge yelling,
"Cadence — hut — hup — hep — fore!"

I pulled off my G.I. shoes,
Crawled in my bunk amid snores,
And they seemed to be in cadence,
That old "Hut—hup—hep—fore!"

Will I ever find a place,
Where quiet reigns once more,
Where there's no damned cadence,
No "Hut—hup—hep—fore?"

PVT. H. E. HAMMOND
PAINE FIELD, WASH.

BEEP PEEP THE JEEP

A jeep is a beep is a peep
That runs with a kangaroo leap.
It hops in a bound
Six feet off the ground,
That jittering jiving jeep.

Many's the obstacle course
Not run by man or by horse.
The jeep without wheeze
Takes each in a breeze,
To only the driver's remorse.

There's nary a job jeeps shirk;
They'll work like creatures berserk.
Their big job I guess
Is giving the press,
Some news when the censor's at work.

SGT. GEORGE P. JOHNSTON
HUNTSVILLE REC AREA, ALA.

THE U.S. ENGINEERS

The rest may weave their laurel wreaths
From dawn till setting sun,
But without peers, the Engineers
Are heroes, every one.
They seek the strength of hostile camps,
They mine and sap and dig.
There is no job too small for them,
Nor ever task too big.
They rush to strengthen shattered lines,
They make a midnight raid;
Or their hot guns are laid aside
For axes or a spade.
Like slaves they work the shell-torn road,
While high-explosives crash;
Or blaze their way up to the foe
In the hot shrapnel splash.
They spanned the tarnished Meuse one day
Before a leaden rain
That mowed them down like a new scythe
Mows down the ripened grain.
Their captain stood before them then
And with a will he roared,
"We're going to get that bridge across,
"If it takes the whole damn' Corps!"
They leave their dead; then go their way,
Without an empty boast.
Come! Fill your glass with blood-red wine,
And pledge a long-due toast.
A toast to men with fighting hearts,
Who scorn all thought of fear.
A toast to him who stood the test:
The U. S. Engineer!

MARINE GUNNER FRANK H. RENTFROW
U. S. MARINES

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

In our outfit we got together and ordered a lot of stationery with our address printed on the envelopes. Immediately a restriction was placed on printed addresses on envelopes. We can't even type addresses now. This printed address on the envelopes saved us a lot of time when we wrote many letters home and we really hated to have to give it up. Please give us the reason for this restriction. Thanks in advance.

CPL. C. J. THOMPSON, JR.
CAMP CHAFFEE, ARK.

The Post Office tells us some guys were using the free mail to wind up their business affairs and had envelopes printed to make it easier. That's abuse of our free mail privilege. They figure if you write the address longhand, it will discourage abuses.

DEAR YANK:

A bunch of us rookies noticed on the cover of YANK (Sept. 9) that the Marines were using the bolt-operated M1903 instead of the M1.

We wondered if the latrine rumor that the M1 is not holding up is true. Would it be revealing military secrets to tell why the '03 was used in the Solomons?

The M1 is a sweet gun, but some of us wondered if it would take the rough handling that the '03 will.

We enjoy the paper and hope you can answer this.

PVT. D. H. FERRIS
CAMP WOLTERS, TEX.

Gyrene HQ says (1) M1s may not have been issued out there, or (2) the M1903 may have been better for that particular job. The latter weapon is the favorite with some of the guys, although the M1 is considered the better all-purpose gun.

DEAR YANK:

I am a Texan by birth, easy going by nature, lazy by choice and a dogface through an act of Congress, but after reading the last issue of YANK I can't even face my buddies and the fault is all yours so don't shrink when you read this letter.

The picture of Mrs. Fultz firing a 50-cal. machine gun and your "Gals Behind the Guns" (YANK, Sept. 16) really got the Fifth Section (of which I am a member) mad as hornets and here in black and white are the reasons. Mrs. Fultz with a 50-cal. machine gun in action is a good moral picture for the public, but for the gunners in the Army it is sheer poison. She is firing the gun without taking the trouble to sight, thereby wasting good bullets. Now I know what you mean when you say that the women are testing the guns that we are getting. No wonder they are giving us a lot of trouble. We have the guns and targets but no bullets, and all of the guns need to be targeted in and the sights adjusted. Yet you say that the women test the guns. I, in no uncertain terms, say that the only thing they do is to fire them and the picture of Mrs. Fultz proves my point. Do you know that we were given only a few rounds to fire with our new 50 cal.? And since they had never been fired before we had to test them on the metallic sight and the telescopic sight, and we also had to shoot for record. Yet they have the nerve to print "Gals Behind the Guns." I don't mind giving the women of my country a hand but my buddies and I just can't swallow that article. If you care to learn the facts about the way our guns shoot just ask us. We sleep with them, and we can tell you and show you the guns you claim to be tested. Then try and shoot them at 300 yards for record. Boy, will you turn red in the face! And while you are at it, try and fire a 50 cal. on a ¾-ton truck with an aerial mount and even Mrs. Fultz would reduce. So please don't insult men who have tried for months to be crack machine gunners, and don't forget to explain your next article of that type so the women do not get credit for things that they don't do. Because we might think that you're trying to pull a Hitler on us with all of that supergal stuff.

I think they are doing a swell job in their place but draw a line when a story gets away from you without a good description. This is the first time that I have ever written to any magazine and I may be a bit rough on gals I should be giving my thanks to, but that is my viewpoint and there I rest my case.

PVT. PAUL ("CHICO") FIERROS, JR.
APO 45, NEW YORK

DEAR YANK:

In the "Mail Call" (YANK, AUG. 12) Cpl. Tony Maccio states that a man in his outfit can drink 21 warm beers at one setting.

If he thinks that is a record listen to this. Two men from my outfit can drink one gallon of torpedo juice at one setting and still move around. Now if there is anyone who can compare with this let's hear about it through the "Mail Call."

PVT. K. F. PITMAN
SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA

DEAR YANK:

We are stationed in an outpost off Puerto Rica and Cuba so most of the music we hear is in Spanish or Rican, and we are really happy when we hear good old American music played by an American band. Would you please play McNamara's band with a vocal refrain on "G.I. Jive"?

HERMAN J. RATTERMAN F 3/C
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

We've turned your request over to "G.I. Jive."

Lieut. F. O., Miami Beach, Fla.: Answers to your questions: (1) No. (2) Yes.

Words Across the Sea

Seaman 1/C Tom Degnan is from Cleveland, Ohio. He has two Army pals, Sgts. Richie and Barton, who are in Northern Ireland. To them Tom says, "Mary Acres has a new baby. How is Northern Ireland after spending most of your time in McAlester, Okla.? I'm still hoping we can be roommates at Oklahoma University when we return after the war to finish school."

Cpl. James Coyne has only been in the Army for two months, but he wishes it had been longer. Cpl. Jim is a postal clerk, one of the gentry who helps get your mail to you even if not as quickly as you'd like to get it. He wants to say hello to a Navy lieutenant (what grade he wasn't sure), Lieut. Thomas Paul O'Connell, a New England boy in the Pacific. "Having a great time," he says. "Wish you were here or I was with you there."

Seaman 2/C Pat Dudley Roberts, age 21, was a commercial artist before he joined the Navy. Now he wants to join his brother O'Neil who's in New Zealand waiting for action with a Coast Guard outfit. Pat has a word or two for O'Neil. "Please write Dad and Mother often," he says, "because they worry about you. Brother Ted is going to Officer Training School in Camp Maxey, Texas."

Pvt. Herman Purcell comes from Chelmsford, Mass., and is now an Air Force student. Pvt. Purcell speaks from this Noel Coward pose to send a few words to Cpl. Walter Belleville, a friend who handles the tail gun of a Flying Fortress somewhere in England. "Hiyah, Walter," Pvt. Purcell says. "Hope you keep the Nazis busy. Hope you're well and that I'll see you soon on either side of the ocean."

Gregorio Hangad was born in the Philippines 28 years ago. He enlisted in the Navy in Bismark, N. D., May 26, 1941. Before that he worked as a waiter in a Minneapolis athletic club. Now he wants to get across a message to his brother Jose, last heard of with the U. S. Army in the Philippines. "I am proud of you and the Armored Force," says Gregorio, "for the heroic work at Bataan. I'm well and doing my part on the Atlantic side. Give papa my regards."

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Army Efficiency

Paratroops in England take their camouflage seriously. They paint barracks and equipment in Engineer-approved hues. They trick up their uniforms and helmets. One ambitious outfit even went so far as to put the paint brush to its mascot, a small white dog. He now lopes around the chow line painted a bilious green.

In Lebanon, Tenn., Lieut. T. P. Jarvis and Sgt. R. J. Winnow have solved the message problem neatly. Some 170 messages a day go from a second-story office to a trailer teletype station parked outside. Means of communication is a dinner pail attached to 200 yards of ⅜-inch rope. Works very nicely and saves wear and tear on Army shoe leather. Could be used to carry beer if absolutely necessary.

That broken back after morning calisthenics is just your imagination. Latest figures show an Army health rate of better than ever. General admission to hospitals in 1942 will be 10 per cent lower than the 1941 figure. Venereal rate has fallen substantially. Death rate has also dropped.

A Few Names

Pvt. Arville Budd of Headquarters Squadron at Luke Field gave his orderly room a shock when he requested deductions totalling $44.70 out of his $50.00 pay check. Cuts were to go for bonds, an allotment and insurance. The company clerks lost their embarrassment when they found that Budd had just inherited $15,000 from an uncle and saw no reason why he shouldn't live off that and plow his Army salary under.

Dashiell Hammet, author of the "Thin Man," is now Pvt. Dashiell Hammet of Camp Upton. Hammet, who was a sergeant in the last war, trades an average salary of $1,500 a week for the Army's $50. He says he doesn't care where he is sent or what job he is given.

Sgt. Ed McElhinney, stationed near Phoenix, Ariz., sent his shirt to the laundry without removing his "little black book" from his pocket. He got back the shirt and he got back the "little black book"—with a dozen new names and telephone numbers added.

Elwin Murray of Queens, N. Y., champion Red Cross blood donor, is planning to enter service. Murray is 44 and served in the AEF in the last war. He'll be in khaki as soon as his papers clear at Governor's Island.

Animal Section

A Second Army F.A. outfit now on maneuvers claims the Army's oldest mascot in Stubby, a black 11-year-old mongrel. Stubby started his Army career in Cheyenne, Wyo. Since then he's covered the country, always as the enlisted man's pal. Officers have tried to adopt him, but Stubby continues to shun the higher brass.

Another maneuver mammal is Sgt. Oscar. The sarge is a raccoon. He gets along fine within his own outfit, but there have been times when the appearance of strange dogs has riled him. To Sgt. Oscar the only thing worse than dogs are Japs and he hasn't had a chance at them yet.

Albert Hudson writes from Australia to tell a tale of mules. Mules don't change much, even Down Under. Hudson saw two Yanks trying to load two mules into a railroad car. They pushed and they pulled and they cussed, and the mules stood their ground. A passing Chaplain stopped to watch them, asked if he could help. "Yes," said the Yank (pulling) in the truck, "tell us how the hell Noah got two of these so and sos into the ark."

This, Not to Mention That

Soldiers with over-sized feet will now get a break: the Army will have footwear specially made for inductees who can't squeeze into any of the standard G.I. measures. . . . Naval salutes are always fired in odd numbers. To do otherwise is to signify that the captain or other high-ranking officer is dead. . . . The recipe for Army soup in 1825 was as follows: "Put material into the vessel at the rate of five pints of water to a pound of fresh meat; apply a quick heat to make it boil promptly; skim off the foam and moderate the fire; put in salt according to palate. Add vegetables of the season and simmer. When the broth is sensibly reduced after five or six hours, the process will be complete." Sounds right tasty. . . . In George Washington's Army every man was supposed to rate a quart of spruce beer daily. By 1812 the spruce beer had been switched for a jigger of rum. . . . The Marine honorable discharge contains the phrase "Fideli certa merces," which means, in non-Marine language, "to the faithful, reward is certain."

Miss Peggy Alexander

Life With Peggy

THE captain of a U. S. battleship anchored off a U. S. port was doing a spirited Russian hop-dance. He sat in a squatting position and flung his legs forward and backward. Every now and then he'd lose balance and descend with a loud thump on that portion of a Navy captain which is largest and most sensitive. On his head he wore a pink crepe-paper baby bonnet. His sailors, clustered over the deck and perched like pigeons on the 16-inchers, loved it. They laughed from the belly.

The captain was putty in the hands of Peggy Alexander, a small brunette bundle of vitamin B-1 who is USO entertainer extraordinary to soldiers, sailors and marines.

Peggy started dancing when she was five and has been dancing almost continuously ever since. It may have stunted her growth (she's on the wee side), but it didn't hold back her personality, spelled sex appeal.

Her act, for the benefit of those who haven't yet seen it, is sweet and simple. She does toe routines and tap routines and sings. She comes out in a diaphanous white gown and the diaphanous white gown comes off. She has never had a complaint from a camp Chaplain. Under the diaphanous white gown is a sorta white playsuit.

In this costume and others, Peggy gets down to business. She hails unwary enlisted men and officers to the stage, calling them by name. She slaps baby bonnets on their noggins and puts them through her own three-ring circus version of "follow-the-leader." She does shows in the afternoon. She does shows in the evening. Then she goes to service dances.

All this could be very wearing, but Peggy thrives on it. Even the service dances. "Because I'm small," she says, "they all think I must jitterbug. I don't, but I struggle along the best I can. The men are so darn nice and give us such a swell hand. I'd like to go everywhere."

Most of the posts Peggy visits are full of men with messages they'd like her to deliver to folks at home. They run to the "say-hello-to-mother" school, but Peggy remembers one talented exception.

"If you're ever in Cleveland," pleaded this Newfoundland infantryman, "stop at Mike's Bar and Grill. Just go in and tell them, 'Joe says hello.' Tell who? Anybody you see there. Just 'Joe says hello.' "

Sgt. Joseph Baidy was digging a small trench near **Third Army Headquarters** in **Louisiana** when he discovered a snake coiled around an ankle. He raised the shovel and swung vigorously. The blow broke his leg but the snake, unharmed, slithered away. . . . **Camp Wolters,** Tex., turned up a recruit who held two degrees from Harvard. His civilian occupation: raising bullfrogs.

At Infantry Officers Candidate's School at **Fort Benning,** Ga., an instructor described a tactical situation—a machine-gun nest, a patrol leader with three men, alternate methods of attack—and asked a candidate how he would solve that particular situation. "I'd crawl through the woods and charge them, shooting from the hip," the candidate replied. Apparently that was wrong. "You really wouldn't do that in actual combat, would you?" the instructor asked. "Well, I did it in the World War once and got the D.S.C. for it," was the candidate's clincher.

At **Camp Edwards,** Mass., they're still talking about the prize comeback of Cpl. Vincent Campo of Brooklyn. During maneuvers one night his G-3 section was working late and his staff officer asked him to go to the field kitchen for sandwiches and hot coffee. He did this and was hurriedly returning, taking a short cut through a wooded area, when he stumbled over a sleeping liaison officer, spilling the hot coffee on him. The officer awoke with a shout. Said Cpl. Campo: "Will you have some coffee, sir?"

Camp Bowie, Tex., has its first girl messenger driving a pick-up truck. She's Lois Merl McIver, who has what it takes to drive a trunk (see below). That's Rita Hayworth, who recently visited the camp, staring in wide-eyed admiration. . . . Smallest feet in the Army are claimed by Ralph McDaniel of the Army Air Forces Basic Flying School at **Bainbridge,** Ga., who wears a size 3-E Army shoe. . . . Cpl. Robert D Hamrick is back on active duty at **Camp Carson,** Colo., after removal of two machine-gun bullets and 116 pieces of shrapnel from his body —all received at Pearl Harbor while he and his machine-gun crew were bagging at least one and probably several Japanese planes.

It's okay for two privates at the Field Artillery Replacement Center at **Fort Bragg,** N. C., to break the "no talking in ranks" rule. Pvts. Mikkom and Wong are Chinese. Pvt. Mikkom neither speaks nor understands English. So Wong stands next to Mikkom and translates all the orders for him.

Rita Hayworth Meets Bowie's Lois McIver

While his colonel was firing a machine gun at **Fort George Wright,** Wash., Pvt. William E. Edwards noticed a defective cartridge case flipping from the gun. Springing forward, he prevented the colonel from firing another burst. Inspection disclosed the defective cartridge had left its bullet lodged in the gun barrel. Another shot would probably have resulted in a blown-up gun, and injury to the colonel. Pvt. Edwards was made sergeant pronto.

Sentimental contractors at **Camp Kilmer,** N. J., changed the course of a main road to save a towering elm tree, largest on the reservation. The camp, of course, is named after the poet who wrote "Trees." . . . After hours of coaching in his general orders, a trainee at **Camp Barkeley,** Tex., still came up with, "I will violate all orders I am instructed to enforce."

Pvt. Clayton C. Myers of **Tyndall Field,** Fla., is known as "Eternally Alert" Myers. He sleeps with both eyes open. . . . Just the opposite is Pvt. Lloyd R. Hanna of **Fort Bliss,** Mo., who did it, but not on purpose. He fell over flat on his face sound asleep at roll call. Awakened, he mumbled: "I don't know how it happened. One minute I was standing there waiting to hear my name; and the next thing I knew the earth opened up."

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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Newspaper, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If for some reason we can't use your stuff, you will get a de luxe rejection slip which would make a dog forget to scratch—or to chase another dog.

M.P. (Motherly Protection)

According to columnist Peter Edson, the Army is trying to change the character of the M.P.s so they won't be considered the soldier's enemy, but his friend. Getting intelligent, hand-picked men, they are indoctrinated with the principle that every soldier is a buddy who must be protected and kept out of trouble, just as though the M.P. himself was on leave, in company with the men instead of on duty to shove the rest of the Army around.

The old and new way:

THE OLD WAY: [Scene: A night club. In a dimly lit corner a soldier is getting stinko with drinko. An M.P. spots him.]

M.P.: Hey, dogface, are you drunk?

G.I.: Feel sorta tipsy (hic) . . . (hic) . . . (hic-hic)!

M.P.: You're drunk! [He beckons to the rest of the M.P. Company, numbering 23 men, which has been staked out in the men's room. They enter with nooses, tar and feathers, and a cart in which they place the culprit, leading him through the streets. As he hiccups they clout him with Louisville sluggers at the nape of the neck. The M.P. sergeant puts on brass knuckles and knocks the dogface's teeth out.] Have you any last words, soldier?

G.I.: (Hic). I had only two beers! [The soldier is blindfolded, shot and sent back to his organization.]

THE NEW WAY: [Scene: Same as above.]

M.P.: Hello there, my little cherub, quenching your thirst?

G.I.: Shertainly am, ole boy, ole boy. [There is a lovelight in his eye as he gazes at the M.P. for he knows that M.P.s are very sweet and lovely boys who are protecting the virtue of the Army.]

M.P.: Mind if I have a sip? [He reaches over and takes a nip, filching the green olive in one fell swoop. Oh, yes, that's another thing. With the change in the M.P.'s attitude there was a sudden change in soldiers' drinking choices. They now drink Martinis, champagne and pink ladies.]

G.I.: Won't you sit down, ole boy, ole boy? [He genially slaps the M.P. on the back, snapping his sixth vertebra, and crippling him for life. In the process the olive drops but one of the customers puts the sleeve on it quickly.]

M.P.: [Laughing to beat hell.] Ouch! Hah, hah, hah. You have crippled me for life, but I am your friend and protector and I am sworn to protect you from the vultures of this city who descend upon innocent soldiers and bilk them through foul play. Hah, hah, hah. Come, let us make merry together. [They go off to make the rounds—the soldier staggering and spilling Zombies down the M.P.'s neck—the M.P. in a wheel chair, gay and happy, singing lullabies.]

Alert, FORT MACARTHUR, CAL.

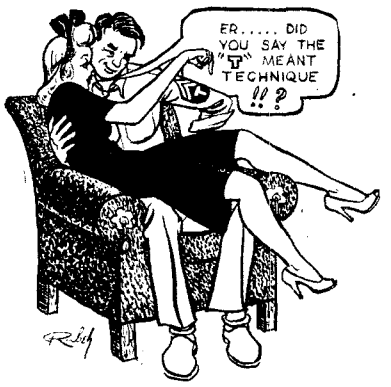
Ripley Shoulda Seen It

Latest yarn from the Quartermaster warehouses:

The supply sergeant handed one of the QMs latest recruits a pair of pants and the recruit put them on. They fit perfectly. So did the cap and blouse the rookie tried on.

"Buddy," the sergeant exclaimed, "you must be deformed."

The News, CAMP PICKETT, VA.



. . . *The Hawaiian Sentinel*

Grogan, On His Metal

In his Gazette in the *Longhorn*, Camp Wolters, Texas, Gimlet Grogan has listed some apt sources of metal for the scrap drive currently in progress at the post. Says he:

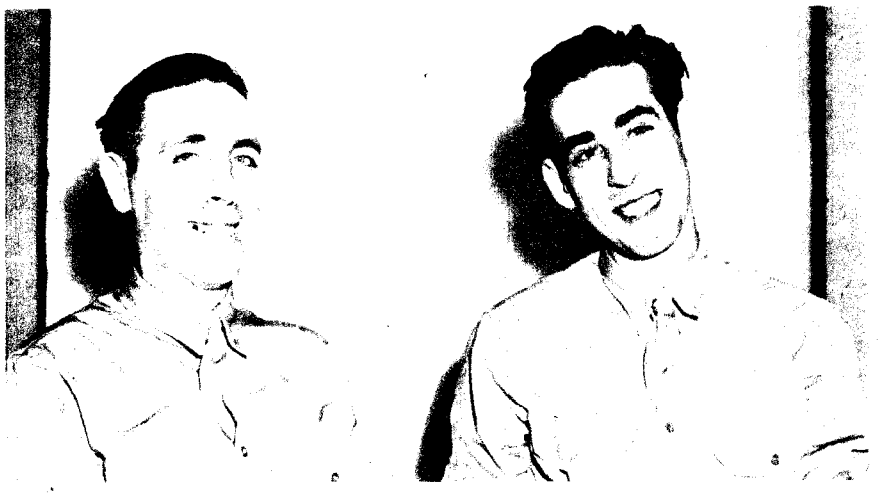
"They could get gold from the goldbricks, steel from the sergeant's nerves, zinc from the kitchen sink, bronze from the yardbird's complexion, tin from the tin-roof sundaes at the Post Exchange, copper from the civilian police force in town, pig iron from a corporal's heart, nickel from a coke machine, silver from the silver platters some guys get their promotions on, and brass from the guys that have too much.

"And if they want lead—well, I guess all you guys have been told by your sergeants where you should get the lead out of."

POINT OF VIEW

She's this.
the like
kind at
of look
a you
girl

BROOKLEY FIELD (ALA.) *Bay Breeze*



***FATHER & SON:** Pvts. Jackson Rose, Sr., 42, and Jackson Rose, Jr., 20, from Garrison, N. Y., are in the same unit, same barracks, and occupy adjoining beds. Photo sent by fellow soldiers from Camp Davis, N. C.*

Orders for O.C.'s

Just received is a recent bulletin issued from the office of the commandant of the Fort Benning School of Sciences. Although the bulletin is not classed as official, professors of the school are urging its adoption. In view of the growing support for the matters embraced in the bulletin, it is deemed wise that officer candidates consider the rulings official in facto.

The Bulletin

1. Morale will be high. Candidates who have not been issued morale will borrow or obtain same from the post exchange.
   a. Spontaneous singing required between 5 and 7 p.m.
   b. Smiles will be worn 1¼ inch above the chin with 14 teeth showing in a parallel line. Teeth will be shined with Brillo. Blitz-cloth is recommended for gold teeth.
2. Mistakes will not be made without permission of the Platoon C.O.
3. Candidates will sleep in prone position, nose at 90-degree angle; breathing will be allowed in a cadence of 36 to the minute; if students cannot breath in this cadence they are advised to stop breathing. In all things uniformity will be stressed; snoring will be allowed in the key of E flat Major only.
4. Garters and girdles will be worn parallel to the ground.
5. Candidates gigged for unmilitary bearing will also be gigged for lack of common sense in not having military bearing; further, they will be gigged for lack of common sense.
6. Candidates will violate none of these rules unless having legitimate reasons. No reason whatsoever will be considered legitimate.

O. C. JAMES JORDAN
The Pine Burr, FORT BENNING, GA.

NURSES! CURSES!

Sing us a song of pain and penance—
Army nurses are all lieutenants.
Whether they're blondes, brunettes or Titians,
The hell of it is—they have commissions.

And privates, creatures of low degree,
Can dream, but never hope to be
More to the nurses that win their hearts
Than pulses, temperatures and charts.

—*Tilton Talk*, FORT DIX, N. J

Barracks Beautiful

There is nothing I like better than to offer a little help where it is needed and right now I feel that the editors of *House Beautiful, House & Garden, Good Housekeeping* and other periodicals devoted to the hearth need it. This is an open letter to all of them—

The care and feeding of the old-fashioned (or civilian) home gets plenty of attention in your columns. But I'm the guy who can give you tips in interior decoration as applied to the shelter half. Here goes.

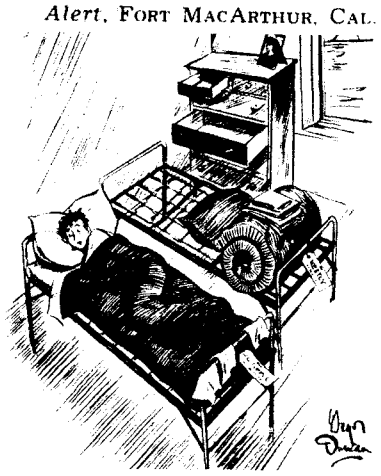
For example, why hasn't your Shopper's Guide, or your Gadget Department, featured a non-com receptacle. The non-com is a striped biped, not to be confused with the striped quadruped, which is practically the same thing, presenting a very acute disposal problem.

Then there is the question of closet-space. The only G.I. closet-space consists of a device known as a barracks bag. This barracks bag is a sort of refined potato sack made of blue denim. It looks very much like the seat of someone's overalls run amuck. The top is fitted with a draw-string which used to run through two large grommets, except that they're lost. The system employed in rigging this draw-string into the bag is an unfathomable military secret, akin to the problem of which string you pull to open a sugar sack with one fell swoop. In fact, the same factory has the contract on both jobs. Basically a noble device, the barracks bag is peculiarly fitted to purposes for which it was not issued. It makes an excellent laundry bag, for example; or a potent reserve force to be drawn up in event of a pillow fight.

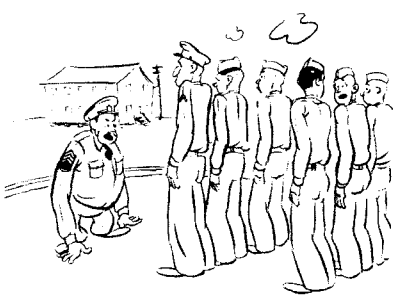
And editors, it might be well to take a post-war fashion note right now. You can blow those salty breezes and that piney-woods tang out of your editorial mail sack. Natural knotty-pine and exposed beams—prime pre-war favorite—will be definitely out in millions of discriminating homes after the duration and six months.

CPL. JOEY SIMS

SOLDIER CARTOONISTS STRUT THEIR STUFF



"Good morning, Keetly—I hear there's a big shipment list rumored for today."
The Beam, ATLANTIC CITY AAF, BTC



"Someone made a monkey out of the Sarge again!"
HAMILTON FIELD (CAL.) *Hamiltonian*

"Drink up, boys. The next one's on the house!"
CAMP EDWARDS (MASS.) *News*

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Oskaloosa, Iowa, Calling Australia

"THIS is the home front calling the fighting front . . . this is 'News from Home' . . ."

Sixteen times a day, six days a week these words are punched through the air on short-wave beams to every corner of the world where Yanks are bivouacked. That's a lot of corners. But "News from Home" is a lot of program.

Produced by the Overseas Forces Division of the Office of War Information, it aims to bridge the gap between Idaho and Iceland, to flash to the AEF a complete picture of each day back home.

This radio half-hour is stuffed with items of interest to overseas G.I.'s. Ten spot features every day include sports commentators like Red Barber, Stan Lomax or Don Dunphy. Maybe Raymond Clapper or Drew Pearson or Fulton Lewis, Jr. to discuss the day's serious news developments. Quotes from Winchell or Sullivan, Fred Allen or Bob Hope. One or two numbers from a name band or vocalist. And a straight survey of the big news of the day.

Main Street Doings

"News from Home" also digs up the kind of news that can't be picked up in the big towns or heard from the big commentators. It's the only short-wave program on which a yardbird, if he is near a radio, can hear news of his home town in the voice of the same announcer he used to hear over the local station.

The news, maybe, that George Smith, the town dog-catcher, is now supply sergeant of an infantry outfit in Camp Shelby. Or that the kids in town are still chalking all over the wall of the pickle works. Or that the old pickle works now makes G.I. shoes for the Army. Or, to quote a recent broadcast: "Jim Haggerty, the local barber, back from two weeks at camp with the state guard, has hung a sign in his shop reading 'G.I. Haircuts Repaired.' "

"News from Home" has pumped this kind of home-cooked news out of as many as 48 different towns and cities in one week. To do this job it's become more than just a program—it's a network. More than 65 stations are searching out and recording at their own expense Main Street news they think will be of interest to local G.I.'s overseas. These records are sent to the OWI where they are edited and added to the program.

Messages From Home

Another feature takes the microphone into the living room of the family of a man overseas. The gal on the mike is Connie West. She's about five feet four, has brown hair and brown eyes, is younger than you'd think and wouldn't trade her job for four brand new tires. She delivers the messages straight—no syrup, slush or corn. About 150 messages have been broadcast to date. The OWI gets them from letters written in by mothers.

An exclusive daily feature is "G.I. News—Furnished by YANK the Army Newspaper." This is a strictly G.I. capsule of up-to-the-minute Army developments, personality bits and general items about Yanks at home and abroad.

Each day's broadcast also includes a three-minute feature that digs under the news. Features so far have included the broadcast highlights of baseball and football games and championship fights; reviews of forthcoming films to be shipped overseas; advance stories of popular comic strips told by the cartoonists themselves; an interview with an ex-officer in the German Air Force; Clifton Fadiman on books, and Fred Allen on himself.

If there's anything you think "News from Home" can do for you there's something you'd like to hear, write to OWI or to YANK. To quote Pvt. McTurk, "You puts down your letters and you listens to your choice."

Miss Connie West

A. E. F. Radio Schedule

Time EWT	Program	Day	Sta.
12:00 AM—12:30 AM	News from Home	T-Sa	WRUL
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Henry King Orchestra	T	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Information Please	W	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Waltz Time	S	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
12:30 AM— 1:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:15 AM	Dance Orchestra	T-F	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:15 AM	Dinah Shore	Sa	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:15 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	Su	KGEI
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Command Performance	M	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Camp Roberts	T	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Freddy Martin	W	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	America Marches	Th	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Minstrel Melodies	F	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	John Freedom	S	KWID
1:00 AM— 1:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	Su	KWID
1:15 AM— 1:30 AM	Sports Review	T-S	KGEI
1:15 AM— 2:00 AM	Hit Parade	Su	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Your Blind Date	T	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Contented Hours	W	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
1:35 AM— 2:15 AM	Baseball Recreation	T-Su	KWID
1:35 AM— 2:35 AM	Army Hour	M	KWID
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	March of Time	F	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Dance Orchestra	S	KGEI
2:05 AM— 2:15 AM	Sports	M	KGEI
2:15 AM— 2:30 AM	Excursions in Science	Su	KGEI
2:15 AM— 2:30 AM	John Doe	T-S	KWID
2:15 AM— 2:30 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	Su	KWID
2:15 AM— 2:45 AM	News from Home	M-S	WDJ
2:15 AM— 2:45 AM	Command Performance	Su	WDJ
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Charlie McCarthy	M	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Telephone Hour	T	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Meredith Wilson	W	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Dance Orchestra	Th-F-S	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Grand Old Opry	Su	KGEI
4:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Dance Orchestra	M-W-F	KGEI
4:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Hi Neighbor	T-Th-S	KGEI
4:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	Su	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Band Wagon	M	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Dance Orchestra	T	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Information Please	W	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KWID
4:35 AM— 5:15 AM	Baseball Recreations	T-Su	KWID
5:05 AM— 5:15 AM	Sports	M-Su	KGEI
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	Su	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Hi Neighbor	T-Th-S	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Dance Orchestra	W	KWID
5:15 AM— 5:30 AM	Henry King	F	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Your Blind Date	T	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Contented Hours	W	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	March of Time	F	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Off the Record	S	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Hospitality Time	Su	KGEI
5:35 AM— 6:35 AM	Command Performance	M	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Camp Roberts	T	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	America Marches	W	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	M. Gould (Mus. Amer.)	Th	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Minstrel Melodies	F	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	KWID
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	California Melodies	Su	KWID
6:00 AM— 6:30 AM	News from Home	T-S	KWID
6:00 AM— 6:30 AM	World at War	M	KWID
6:15 AM— 6:30 AM	G. I. JIVE	M-Su	WJQ
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	News from Home	M-S	WJQ
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Hour of Charm	T	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Jimmy Dorsey	W	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	California Melodies	Th	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	March of Time	S	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Hawaii Calls	F	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEO
6:30 AM— 7:30 AM	Army Hour	M	WGEO
6:45 AM— 7:00 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:00 AM	Hollywood News	W	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:15 AM	Stage Door Canteen	M	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:15 AM	We, the People at War	T	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:30 AM	Family Hour	F	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:15 AM	Anzac Show	T-Th	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Sammy Kaye	T	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Jimmy Dorsey	W	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Take It Or Leave It	W	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Tommy Dorsey	Th	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	Th	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WGEO
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Cheers from the Camps	S	CBS
7:15 AM— 7:45 AM	Melody Ranch	T	CBS
7:15 AM— 8:00 AM	Hit Parade	M	CBS
7:30 AM— 7:45 AM	Sports Roundup	Su-F	WGEO
7:30 AM— 7:45 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	WGEO
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	The First Line	W	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	Andre Kostelanetz	Th	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	Gay Nineties	S	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WJQ
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	Tommy Riggs	Su	CBS
8:15 AM— 8:30 AM	Jazz in America	M-Su	WJQ
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ
8:45 AM— 9:00 AM	Dinah Shore	S	KGEI
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	News	M-S	WGEA
9:00 AM— 9:30 AM	Service Serenade	T-S	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Army Hour	M	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Kraft Music Hall	S	KGEI
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Bill Stern	Su	NBC
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	NBC
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Ben Bernie	M-F	CBS
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Morning Moods	T-F	NBC
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Swing Music	M-F	WGEA
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	F	NBC
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Band Wagon	Su	NBC
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Major Bowes	Su	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Vaughn Monroe	S	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA
9:45 AM—10:00 AM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Command Performance	M	KWID
10:00 AM—10:15 AM	Tunes and Topics	T-Th	KWID
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	America Marches	W	KWID
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	John Freedom	F	KWID
10:00 AM—10:15 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	KES
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	World at War	Su	KWID
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Fantasy in Melody	T	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Famous Jury Trials	Th	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	U. S. Army Band	F	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	WBOS
10:15 AM—10:30 AM	Hi Neighbor	T-Th	KWID
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Fashions in Jazz	M-W-F	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Hour of Charm	T	WGEA
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Information Please	T	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Jimmy Dorsey	W	WGEA
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	California Melodies	Th	WGEA
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Kay Kyser	Th	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WGEA
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Schafer Revue	S	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Meredith Wilson	Su	NBC
10:45 AM—11:00 AM	Treasure Chest	M	WGEA
11:00 AM—11:45 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Hour of Charm	T	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Charlie McCarthy	W	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	March of Time	F	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Voice of Firestone	T	NBC
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Good Old Days	S	NBC
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Barn Dance	Su	NBC
11:30 AM—11:45 AM	Your Grandstand Seat	Su	KGEI
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Command Performance	Su	CBS
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Truth or Consequences	Su	NBC
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Hollywood's Highlights	S	NBC
12:00 PM—12:30 PM	Lower Basin Street	S	NBC
12:00 PM— 1:00 PM	Kraft Music Hall	Su	NBC
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	News from Home	M-S	WRUL
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Meet Your Navy	S	NBC
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WDO
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEA
1:00 PM— 1:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:30 PM	G. I. JIVE	M-Su	WDO
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Supper Time Serenade	M	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Dr. I. Q.	T	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Treasure Chest	W	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Three Ring Roundup	Th	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Inner Sanctum Mystery	F	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	How Am I Doin'?	S	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Johnny Presents	Su	NBC
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA
1:45 PM— 2:15 PM	News from Home	M-S	WBOS
1:45 PM— 2:00 PM	String Serenade	T	NBC
2:30 PM— 3:00 PM	News from Home	M-S	WPJ
2:30 PM— 3:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WPJ
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCW
3:00 PM— 3:15 PM	News	M-S	WGEA
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	News from Home	M-S	WCW
3:15 PM— 3:30 PM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
3:30 PM— 4:00 PM	News from Home	M-S	WCB
3:30 PM— 4:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCB
5:00 PM— 5:30 PM	March of Time	F	WGEO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	News from Home	M-S	WLWO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WLWO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	U. S. Marine Band	Su	KWU
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Hi Neighbor	M-F	KWU
5:30 PM— 6:00 PM	World at War	S	KWU
5:45 PM— 6:00 PM	G. I. JIVE	M-F	WLWO
5:45 PM— 6:15 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WLWO
6:15 PM— 6:30 PM	G. I. JIVE	M-Su	WDO
6:15 PM— 6:45 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	WRUL
6:15 PM— 6:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WRUL
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Hour of Charm	T	WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	California Melodies	Th	WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	WGEA
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA
7:00 PM— 7:15 PM	Dinner Music	M-F	WRUL
7:00 PM— 7:15 PM	News	Su-S	WBOS
7:15 PM— 7:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WBOS
7:30 PM— 7:45 PM	World of Science	T	WRUL
7:30 PM— 7:45 PM	Wendy Davis, Sports	M-S	WBOS
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	G. I. JIVE	M-S	WBOS
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	Tony Freeman's Orch.	W	KGEI
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	Freddy Martin	S	KGEI
7:30 PM— 7:45 PM	Your Grandstand Seat	F	WBOS
7:50 PM— 8:00 PM	Jim Britt, Sports	M-F	WRUL
8:00 PM— 8:15 PM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	WGEO
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Your Blind Date	M	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Contented Hours	T	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Meredith Wilson	W	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	March of Time	F	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Hospitality Time	S	KGEI
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
9:15 PM— 9:30 PM	Swing Music	M-F	KGEI
9:15 PM— 9:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WLWO
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Telephone Hour	T	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Lower Basin Street	W	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:45 PM	Hits of the Week	Th	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:45 PM	NBC Summer Show	F	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Salute to Services	S	KGEI
10:00 PM—11:00 PM	Army Hour	Su	KGEI
10:30 PM—11:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	CBS
10:30 PM—11:00 PM	Henry King Orchestra	M	KGEI
10:30 PM—11:00 PM	Round Table of Good Neighbors	T	KGEI
10:30 PM—11:00 PM	Waltz Time	S	KGEI
10:45 PM—11:00 PM	Dinah Shore	F	KGEI
10:45 PM—11:00 PM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	WLWO
11:00 PM—11:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
11:15 PM—11:30 PM	Joe Hasel, Sports	M-F	NBC
11:15 PM—11:30 PM	Sports	M-F	KGEI
11:15 PM—11:30 PM	Your Grandstand Seat	S	KGEI
11:15 PM—11:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
11:15 PM—11:45 PM	YANK SWING SESSION	S	NBC

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SPORTS: SEPTEMBER WAS A GREAT MONTH FOR CARDINALS BUT NOT SO HOT FOR SGT. LOUIS AND CPL. CONN

BY SGT. JOE MCCARTHY

The G.I.'s in such faraway places as New Caledonia, New Guinea and New Delhi, where the newspapers think Grantland Rice is something to eat and the bartenders never heard of Mike Jacobs nor Leo Durocher, must have had a hard time these last few weeks trying to find out who won the National League Pennant race and what happened to that proposed heavyweight championship fight between Sgt. Joe Louis and Cpl. Billy Conn.

"I wonder how the Dodgers are making out in the World Series," a mess sergeant, whom we shall call George Chicken-Lichen, is probably asking one of his K.P.'s somewhere in Alaska.

"Them Bums ain't even in the world serious," replies the K.P. in his careful Harvard accent.

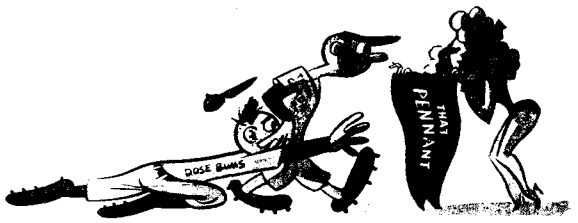
"Don't talk like a clown," cries George. "Why, only yesterday I was reading a paper from home dated August fifth which said they was leading the Cards by nine and a half games. Even the Phillies couldn't blow a lead like that."

Conn Hasn't a Chance

And then somewhere down the Southwest Pacific, Pvt. Hubert Schubert of Minnesota, walking his post in a military manner and keeping always on the alert, meets the sentry on the adjoining beat and asks if the O.D. has been around yet.

"Nope," says the other sentry, a likeable Pfc. named Gilhooly who is pretty busy these days bucking for corporal and getting nowhere. "By the way, d'ya think Conn has a chanct against Louis?"

"He ain't gonna get a chance," answers



Schubert. "Didn't you know that Secretary of War Stimson called off the fight because Conn and Louis and everybody else was planning to make a lot of money out of it?"

"Make money out of it?" exclaims Gilhooly. "Why, I was reading in a copy of YANK that was printed only a few weeks ago that nobody was gonna make a dime out of that fight except the Army Relief Fund."

And so on into the night.

You can't blame Chicken-Lichen and Gilhooly and the rest of the Yanks overseas for being confused about the facts of the National League race and the on-again, off-again heavyweight championship fight. They have been changing so quickly that even the New York Yankees were not quite sure who they were playing the first day of the World Series and Mike Jacobs, at one point a few days ago, couldn't say whether his boxing show

Cardinals Boost Billy Southworth After Winning Pennant

was cancelled or whether the sports writers in charge of the affair were going to substitute Billy Conn's father-in-law for Conn so that Louis wouldn't be able to pull his rank.

Cards Couldn't Be Stopped

Your correspondent was also confused by the whole thing but he slipped into a fresh suit of fatigue clothes and did a little research work on the matter, in order to find out the true facts. Here they are, if you want to post them up in the latrine to stop all rumors on the subject:

1. The National League pennant was won by the St. Louis Cardinals on the very last day of the season by two games.

2. The Louis-Conn fight was definitely called off by Secretary of War Stimson, with apologies to all concerned, when he discovered that the committee in charge had decided to allot a sizeable chunk of the gate receipts to the two boxers so they could pay up some old bills.

The baseball situation, although puzzling, isn't hard to understand. The Dodgers didn't blow the pennant. They won more games than the Yankees did in the American League. But the Cards were simply too hot for anybody to stop. They took 43 out of 52 games in their amazing stretch drive for the flag and what can you do against a team like that?

But the Louis-Conn business deserves a little further explanation. It started out as a fine venture, with all the receipts going to the Army Relief Fund, but gradually it began to give out a rather unpleasant aroma. First it developed that the two non-coms (Conn made corporal after he went into training) were going to get about $135,000 which would be split between Jacobs and John Roxborough, Louis' manager, for the settlement of old debts.

Expensive Training Camps

It was rather strange that the paying of these personal accounts should be so urgent when the U. S. Treasury was perfecty willing to wait a few more years for that $117,000 income tax owed by Louis.

Then there was going to be a charge of $60,000 for promotion expenses and $40,000 for training expenses. And a lot of other expenses, too.

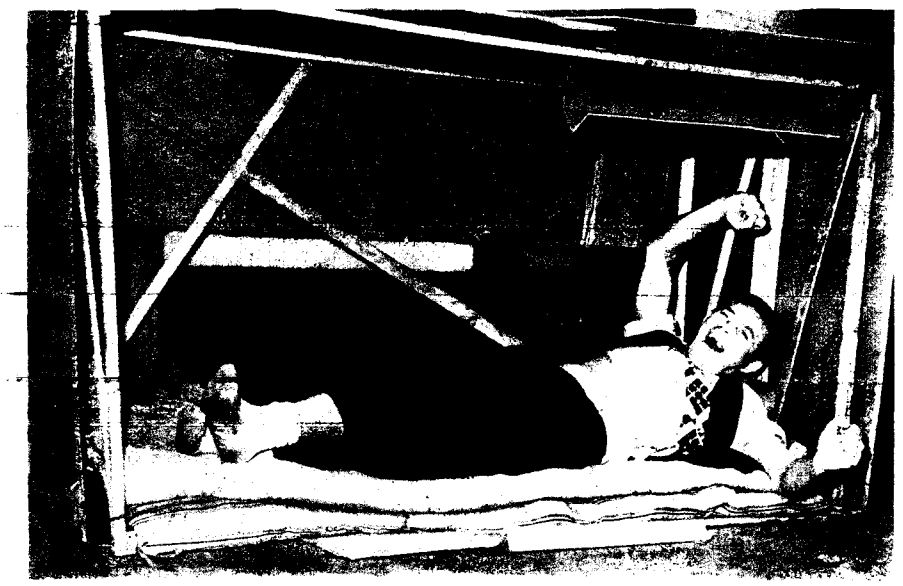
Naturally, when the Secretary of War became aware of these details, he called the whole thing off. If he didn't, the War Department would have gotten a black eye.

The only sad thing about the cancellation of the fight is that it puts Louis in a bad light. The Brown Bomber is strictly an up-and-up guy who has always conducted himself honorably. It sounds as though he really had little to do with all the high-pressure financial demands that were presented in his behalf. When he heard about the cancella-

tion, he offered to fight for nothing. So did Conn. But, of course, it was too late then.

Too many civilians had been mixed up in this Army heavyweight championship fight for the benefit of the Army Relief Fund.

But they found out that the Army can change its mind awful fast when things are not being done the Army way.



CAMPING AT THE BOX OFFICE—Art Felsch, a Cardinal rooter from Milwaukee, bivouacs in a packing box outside the gate to Sportsmen's Park, St. Louis, to make sure he keeps first place in World Series ticket line. These tactics could be used by some G.I. chow hounds we know.

Turf Heads Plan Special Meeting For War Relief Fund

NEW YORK—Belmont Park is adding seven extra days to its final meeting to send racing's War Relief fund over the top of its self imposed $2,000,000 goal. Herbert Bayard Swope, chairman of the Truf Committee of America, said that the seven day meet would realize at least $250,000 for the fund.

The presidents of all racing associations in New York have agreed to finance the special meeting. Purse distribution will be about $100,000 with a $1,500 minimum and $5,000 maximum. Officials are attempting to stage another match race between Whirlaway and Alsab to climax the event.

DETROIT TEAM WINS AMATEUR TITLE

YOUNGSTOWN, O. — The Detroit Auto Club nine beat the Hotel New Yorker team 2-1 for the National Amateur Baseball Federation championship. It was the second win for the Detroiters, who took the first game 3-2.

Boston Wins Both Batting Crowns

BOSTON—St. Louis and New York won the pennants but Boston took the individual batting championships in both major leagues this season.

Gangling Ted Williams, the Red Sox slugger, carried away the hitting title in the American League with an average of .356, not quite as impressive as his .406 of 1941 but still 25 points ahead of the next man —his rookie team mate, Johnny Pesky.

And the National League batting crown went to the veteran Ernie Lombardi, Braves catcher, who wound up on top of the heap with .331, although he was supposed to be on the downgrade when the Reds sent him here this year.

This is the second time Lombardi won the title. He took it as a Red in 1938, the year he was named the league's most valuable player.

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THEY LICKED THE DODGERS—Here are the St. Louis Cardinals, 1942 pennant winners in the National League. Back row, left to right: Frank Crespi, Herman Triplett, Ervin Dusak, Ray Sanders, Terry Moore, Max Lanier, Mort Cooper, Howard Krist, Murry Dickson, Lloyd Moore, and Butch Yatkeman, clubhouse attendant. Center row: Dr. H. J. Weaver, Joe Beckman, Jim Brown, Harry Walker, John Beazley, Ernest White, Enos Slaughter, Harry Gumbert, Howard Pollet, Walker Cooper, Jeff Cross, and Secretary Leo Ward. Front row: Martin Marion, Stanley Musial, John Hopp, Coach Mike Gonzales, Manager Billy Southworth, Coach Buzzy Wares, George Kurowski, Sam Narron, Ken O'Dea. Foreground: Arthur Peters, bat boy.

Cards Thrill Nation by Grabbing Pennant from Dodgers on Last Day

NEW YORK—The whole country is still mopping its brow and shaking its head over the hectic finish of the National League pennant race that saw the Cardinals finally edging the stubborn Dodgers by two games on the last day of the season.

The end came with Ernie White pitching the clinching win for the Redbirds in the first game of a doubleheader at St. Louis against the Cubs while the Dodgers were beating the Phils, 4 to 3, in Philadelphia, with several faithful Flatbush fans cheering them on. It was an eighth straight win for the Bums, incidentally, which just goes to show that nothing could stop those Cardinals.

The Dodgers finished in second place with 104 victories and an average of .675, a better record than the Yankees established in winning the American League pennant. That was the highest number of wins credited to a second place National League team since 1909 when the Cubs also won 104 while finishing second to the Pirates.

Card Record Amazing

The record of the Cardinals, of course, was amazing. They climbed up into the championship after trailing the Dodgers by ten games Aug. 6 and by nine and a half games as late as Aug. 15. During that great stretch drive, they won 43, lost only nine and tied one.

The reason for the large total of wins for both the Cardinals and the Dodgers, naturally, was that those two teams were more powerful than the rest of the clubs in the league. They had no trouble beating the Reds, Cubs, Pirates, Braves, and Phils. But when they ran up against each other, the Cardinals were the masters. They took 13 out of 22 games from the Bums during the season and that was what won them the pennant.

Over in the American League, the Yankees finished the season getting beaten by the Red Sox on the last day in Boston, 7-6, with Tex Hughson winning his 22nd victory of the season. That gave the Red Sox 12 wins in the 22 games they played against the Yankees during the year.

Yankees Favored

Hughson and Mort Cooper, the Cardinal star, were the only two pitchers to hit the 22 game mark during the season.

Manager Billy Southworth traced the success of his Cardinals—the first St. Louis team to win the pennant since 1934—to an infield shift made just before the start of their drive for the flag.

"We couldn't make double plays," he says. "So I benched Crespi, moved Brown over to second base and put this kid Kurowski in at third. That's when we started to go for fair."

The Cardinals, for all their flash, went into the World Series as 2 to 1 underdogs in the betting. The Yankees were favored because of their poise and long experience in world champion games.

PGA TO HELP RELIEF FUND

ATLANTA, GA.—Names that glittered during Golf's golden age will grace the scores on the PGA winter circuit to aid War Relief. Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen, and Tommy Armour, all retired from active play, have agreed to tread the fairways again to aid the fund for service men.

SPORT SHORTS

Lou Gehrig, ill-starred "Pride of the Yankees," left an estate of half a million . . . **Dizzy Trout,** Detroit hurler who was suspended for tangling with a box-seat customer recently, drew another five-day rap for thumbing his nose at fans who booed him . . . **Louie Schneider,** winner of the Indianapolis 500-mile auto racing classic in 1931, died after a crackup on a California track . . . **Al Schacht,** clown prince of baseball, is quitting his diamond antics to open a cafe in New York.

Helen Wills Roark, erstwhile darling of the tennis courts, has enrolled as a student at Kansas State College to be near her husband, a looey at Fort Riley . . . **Paul Wolf,** a sailor stationed at San Diego, broke the 70-yard free-style swimming record at Los Angeles . . . If you like statistics, **Frank McCormick** of the Reds fans every fiftieth time at bat . . . **Whirlaway,** highest money winner in turf history, has a baby sister who will be named Whirlette. Trainer **Ben Jones** became excited when he heard Miss Whirley's tail was as long and bushy as her big brother's. It's an indication of a horse's constitution, Jones said.

Amazing part of the Cards' furious stretch drive is the fact that **Brown, Marion, Hopp, Musial** and **Slaughter,** all regulars, hit below .200 during the final games. The Redbird pitchers, though, had the lowest earned-run average in the majors . . . **Tony Gale,** middleweight champ, has left the Great Lakes Naval Training Station for foreign service with the Navy . . . **Denmar Miller,** former Iowa open and amateur golf king, is a private at Fort Robinson, Ark.

Bucky Harris Quits Job As Nat Manager

WASHINGTON — Stanley "Bucky" Harris, who has the longest service record of any American League manager except Connie Mack, has resigned from the Washington Senators.

Discussing his resignation, Bucky said he was quitting so he would be free to accept another offer. He has been mentioned as a possible successor to Leo Durocher of the Dodgers. Leo is planning to step out of baseball and join the Navy.

FINAL MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	St. Louis	Brooklyn	New York	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
St. L.	—	13	15	15	14	16	16	17	106	48	.688	—
B'klyn.	9	—	14	15	16	16	16	18	104	50	.675	2
N. Y.	7	8	—	13	15	13	12	17	85	67	.559	20
Cinc.	7	7	9	—	12	9	16	16	76	76	.500	29
Pitts.	8	6	7	9	—	11	12	13	66	81	.449	36½
Chicago	6	6	9	13	11	—	9	14	68	86	.442	38
Boston	6	6	8	5	7	13	—	14	59	89	.399	44
Phila.	5	4	5	6	6	8	8	—	42	109	.278	62½
Lost	48	50	67	76	81	86	89	109	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
N. Y.	—	10	15	15	15	15	17	16	103	51	.669	—
Boston	12	—	11	14	15	13	14	14	93	59	.612	9
St. Louis	7	11	—	13	11	13	11	16	82	69	.543	19½
Cleveland	7	8	9	—	9	11	15	16	75	79	.487	28
Detroit	7	7	11	13	—	13	9	13	73	81	.474	30
Chicago	7	8	6	11	9	—	13	12	66	82	.446	34
Wash'ton	5	7	11	7	13	7	—	12	62	89	.411	39½
Phila.	6	8	6	6	9	10	10	—	55	99	.357	48
Lost	51	59	69	79	81	82	89	99	—	—		

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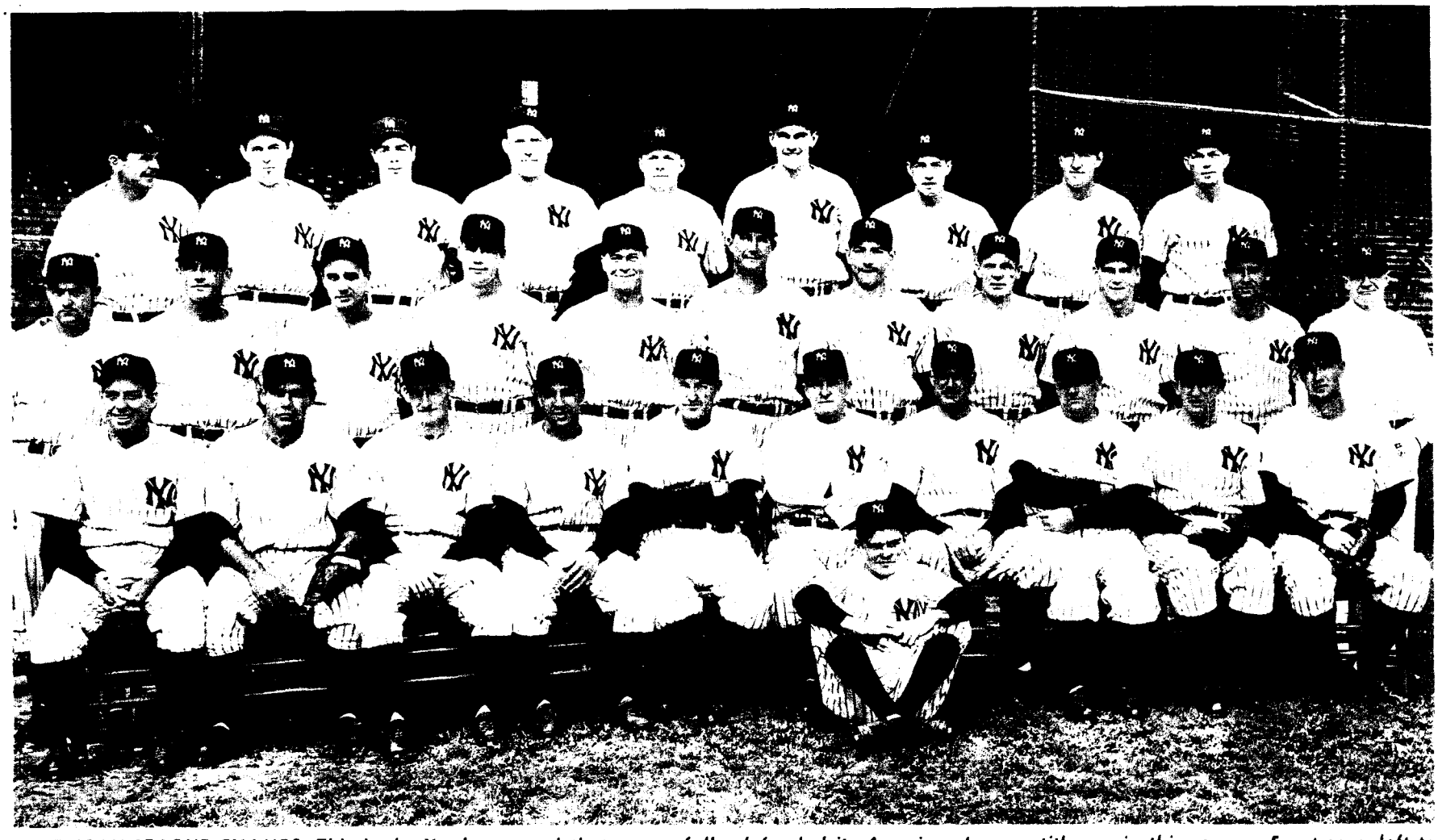
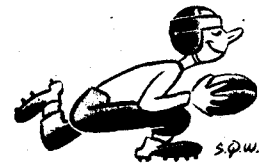


AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPS—This is the Yankee squad that successfully defended its American League title again this season. Front row, left to right: Buddy Rosar, Charlie Keller, Hank Borowy, Phil Rizzuto, Coach Art Fletcher, Manager Joe McCarthy, Coach Earl Combs, John Schulte, Atley Donald, Marvin Brewer, and Pat O'Dougherty, bat boy. Center row: Rollie Hemsley, George Stainback, Frank Crosetti, Ernie Bonham, Jim Turner, Paul Schrieber, Marius Russo, Robert Rolfe, Gerald Priddy, Joe Gordon, and Trainer Earl Painter. Back row: George Selkirk, Vernon Gomez, Joe DiMaggio, Charlie Ruffing, Spurgeon Chandler, John Lindell, Roy Cullenbine, John Murphy and Bill Dickey.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



Service Teams Beat Harvard, Penn, Northwestern and Oregon

NEW YORK—It's too early to pick college football champions but a quick glance at the scores of the first weekend of the gridiron season seems to indicate that these are the teams to beat in the various sections of the country:

East—Fordham and Pennsylvania.
South—Texas U., Tulane, Georgia Tech and Louisiana State.
Mid-West — Minnesota, Michigan, Notre Dame, Wisconsin and Iowa.
Far-West — Oregon State and Washington State.

Most important opening victories were the ones scored by Tulane over Southern California, 27-13, and by L.S.U. over Texas A. and M., 16-7. The Aggies were supposed to be tops in the Southwest until that upset cropped up the works.

Minnesota showed that it is in usual strong form by swamping Pittsburgh to the tune of 50-7 and out in the West, Oregon State routed Idaho, 32-0, while Washington State stopped Stanford, 6-0.

Here's a rapid survey of how other teams are shaping up as this season gets underway:

Notre Dame—The perfect football record—unbeaten and untied—cannot belong to the Irish this season. Unbeaten, they may yet be, but Wisconsin's Badgers fought them to a 7-7 deadlock in their opener. Elroy Hirsch tallied for Wisconsin on a 35-yard gallop. Jim Mello bucked over from the 3 for Notre Dame.

William and Mary—This looks like a great southern team. William and Mary beat Annapolis, 3-0, in their first game with a 20-yard field goal by Harvey Johnson six minutes after the opening whistle. The Middies tried all their tricks, but continually stalled.

Fordham — It appears that the Rams will specialize in air bombardments under Earl Walsh, their new head coach. Two nifty passes enabled them to trim Purdue, 14-7. The first, Steve Filipowicz to Francis Malinowski, covered half the field. The second, Filipowicz to Jimmy Hearn, was good for 80 yards and the bacon.

Dartmouth—They're calling Dartmouth's Indians the Upset Kids, and no wonder. The Indians exploded a bomb under a favored Holy Cross eleven in their seasonal debut, 17-6. Meryll Frost and Ray Wolfe went over for Dartmouth, with Capt. Ed Kast booting a field goal from the 8.

Cornell — Unless the Big Red brushes up on defense, their potent offense may prove inadequate. That was almost the case when Cornell nosed out Lafayette, 20-16. The Leopards were really going places at the finish. Walter Kretz, Cornell, and Charlie Nagle, Lafayette, were standouts with two touchdowns each.

Colgate—Those Red Raiders again loom as a power on the gridiron. Witness that 49-0 socko they plastered on St. Lawrence. A couple of frosh backs—Walt McQuade and John Clifford, both of Columbus, O. —have added plenty of zip to Coach Andy Kerr's machine.

Georgia Tech—Regarded as a dark horse in Dixie, Georgia Tech is now a definite threat with a 15-0 conquest of Auburn to its credit. Sophomore Eddie Prokop, of Cleveland, headlined the show. He tossed one touchdown pass and set the stage for the second with another neat aerial.

Carnegie Tech—There no longer is any doubt about football being deemphasized at Carnegie Tech. The once potent Skibos blew their opener to little Geneva College by 26-0.

A bunch of Navy cadets who train in flying helmets at North Carolina, Georgia and Iowa Pre-Flight Schools proved they were just as much at home in football headgear during the opening weekend of the football season. They sighted Pennsylvania, Northwestern and Harvard and sank same.

Sad to report, however, three Army teams who went to the football wars against first-rate college competition couldn't score a touchdown.

The Navy victories started in Cambridge, Mass., where Lt. Com. Jim Crowley, who put the Fordham Rams on the big-time football map, led his Pre-Flight team from Chapel Hill against Harvard. Paced by Lenny Eshmont, one of the fairest backfield flowers Crowley ever developed during his Fordham days, the future flyers put the Crimson to flight by a 13-0 score.

While all this was going on, another contingent of Pre-Flight cadets from Athens, Ga., were leaving Pennsylvania, Ivy League champions, completely at sea. Penn's veteran squad was tough and game, but the Navy, led by Frank Filchock, ex-Redskin passing ace, Billy Paterson of the Chicago Bears, and Jim Poole, an ex-football Giant, put on a display of pigskin hocus-pocus that made the collegians think they were still in a schoolroom. The score was 14-6.

Bierman Wallops Northwestern

Bernie Bierman's Iowa Pre-Flight team, fresh from its win over Kansas U. the previous week, made a three-point landing on Northwestern at Evanston, Ill., and left the field on the long end of 20-12 score. Bill Schatzer, 187-pound back, led the flyers' attack, averaging 8.4 yards each of the 13 times he lugged the ball.

And out on the West Coast, Sam Barry's St. Mary's Pre-Flight eleven knocked off Oregon, 10-9.

It was a heartbreaking day for the Army, though.

A squad of pigskin warriors from Fort Monmouth helped Columbia open the season at Baker Bowl in New York. Maybe one of the Signal Corps boys made a picture of the ball when it was presented to Mrs. Betty Cohen for buying a $3,000 war bond after the game. Such a picture should be as interesting as "Gone With The Wind" to the soldier squad for they certainly saw very little of the ball during the afternoon. The Lions clawed them to the tune of 39-0.

Ohio State Crushes Fort Knox

The Fort Knox Armoraiders who took the field against Ohio State at Columbus should have brought along a tank. They made only one first down and the final tally was 59-0. Four complete Buckeye teams faced the soldiers, but, unfortunately, they all could run, and their only problem was to make sure they were going in the right direction.

Fort Benning's team made the best showing of the soldier contingents. The choo-choo of Chattanooga U. got them, but only by a 7-0 score.

Still it wasn't all milk and honey for the Navy either.

The highly-touted Great Lakes Naval Station eleven suffered a setback in its opener with Michigan, 9-0. The Wolverines kept Bruce Smith, ex-Minnesota All-American, present backfield ace of the Chicago sailors, bottled up completely. His rushes throughout the afternoon showed a net gain of 14 yards.

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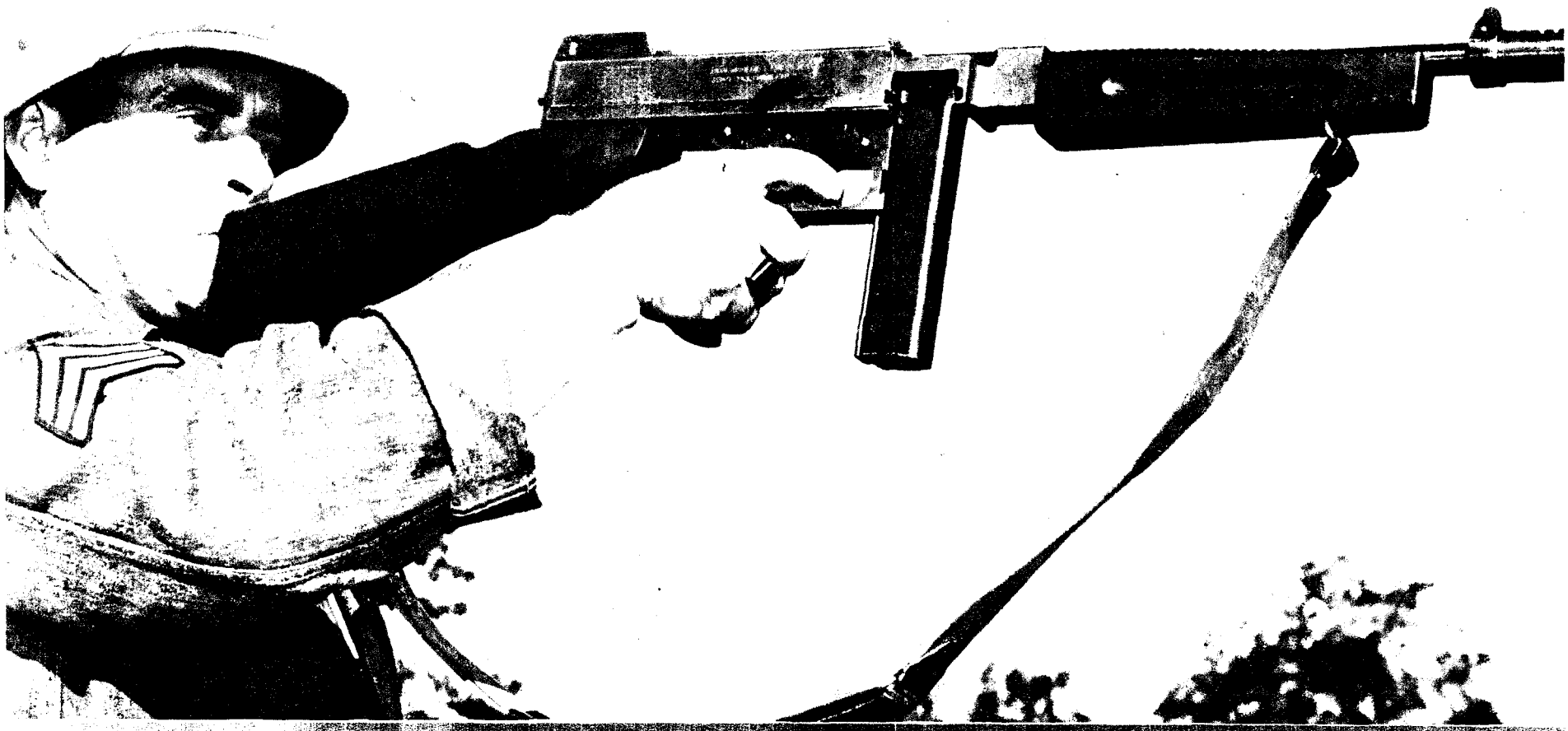

Rough Stuff

At Camp Hood (Texas) Tank Destroyer Center instructors and their classes play rough. Sgt. A. K. Ray of Bell, Cal., is shown above firing a burst of .45 slugs from a tommy gun held against his mouth. It's an instructors' stunt with a purpose: to overcome any fear of a tommy's kick when men are learning to shoot the gun with butt held in pit of stomach. At left, Destroyers crawl forward in face of a grazing machine-gun fire while dynamite land mine explodes beside them. Bullets are regular service ammunition. See story on page 5.

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